JOHN BULL, JUNE 29, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1202.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

When Sleep Forsakes You

Included in every bottle of WINCARNIS is a soothing hypophosphite which calms and feeds the nerves. It does not deaden them temporarily like a harmful drug, but keeps them tranquil and contented by ensuring that they are always well nourished.

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RECOMMENDED BY MORE THAN 18,000 MEDICAL MEN

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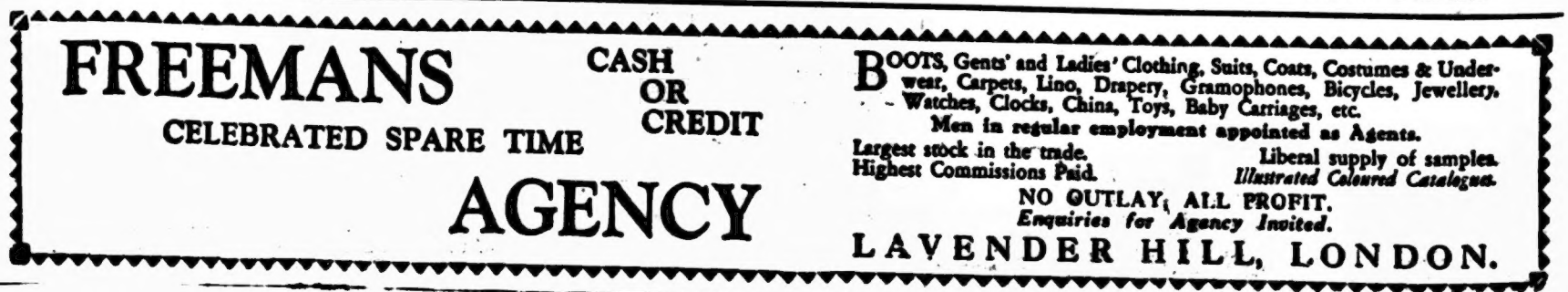
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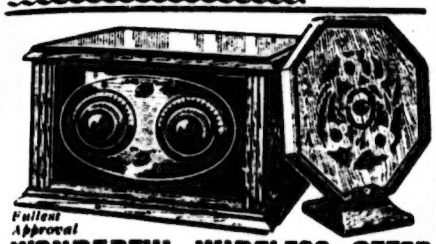

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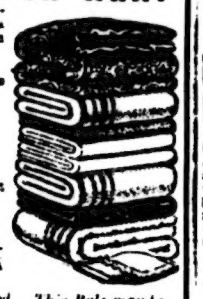

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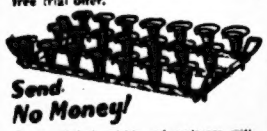

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A postcard giving width of mattress will bring "NER-SAG" to you carriage paid for one week's trial FREE. Write now. (This offer does not apply to Ireland.)

NER-SAG LTD. (Dept. C) Oxford Circus, London, W.1

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PRICES

Width	
2ft. 6in.	6/9
3ft.	7/9
3ft. 6in.	8/9
4ft.	9/9
4ft. 6in.	10/9
5ft.	11/9

5/6 SALE OF BED TICKS DIRECT FROM FACTORY

FULL DOUBLE BED SIZE

78 ins. long by 54 ins. wide.

Ready-made Super quality Heavy coloured stripe or neat Blue & White pattern. Good for 20 years' wear. Perfect new condition. Sale Price 5/6 ea., post 6d.; 2 for 11/6, post free. We also offer Finest Super Grade Double Bed Size Bed Ticks, in neat Blue and White pattern, at 10/6 each, post free. Two for 20/-.

BOXED SHAPE with 4 inch inlet sides in either quality 1/6 each extra. Satisfaction or cash refunded.

ACME MILL (Dept. J.B.) 22, Tib Lane, MANCHESTER

LONDON CUT LOUNGE SUITS

Cut to your own measurements in my style. WRITE NOW for FREE PATTERNS of latest Suitings. Cash prices from 49/6 or delivered on first payment of 8/-, balance 8/- monthly. Flannel Suits a specialty. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. WRITE NOW, or CALL.

HOLCEN LTD.

Dept. J31, Forest Gate, London.

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

Cash the Coupons

This Coupon will be accepted as 2/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and pay 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium or broad nib. JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT PEN OFFER!

"IT'S IN THE NAME!" The "John Bull" Pen & "Everpointed" Pencil are of real value—they far exceed my expectations—well up to the standard which the name "John Bull" implies.—A. DARBY, Woolland Road, Blackburn.

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Written two years guarantee with every Pen.

SPORT 2/6 SHOES POST FREE CROSS P.O.

WHITE IN ALL SIZES FINE CANVAS UPPERS

BROWN 4/9 2 PAIRS THICK RUBBER SOLES

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Be Suited & Satisfied with your NEW SUIT

PAY for it as you WEAR it

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

Also Plus Four Suits from 52/6, and Dinner Jacket Suits £4 4s. and upwards, all made to measure on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for patterns, Style Book and Self-Measurement Form to:—

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED

Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MIGHTY AS AN ORGAN

is this new portable by Fullotone because of its treble length sound chamber and wonderful RIPPLE Sound-box. Produces a robust natural purity with greater volume than most large cabinet models. Stores and plays 12 in. records. British "Collaro" motor.

Cash Price 3 Gns.

Carr. Paid. 12 monthly payments of 5/-.

In 5 attractive shades.

Fullotone Gramophone 1929 Ltd. (Dept. J.B.P.) 73, Camden Rd., N.W.1. Also Croydon, Tottenham, E. Ham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Hull & Glasgow

FULLOTONE SUPER PORTABLE

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WONDERFUL WIRELESS OFFER

The Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Receiving Set

10/6 NOW

The World's finest achievement in Wireless Value. Handsome Oak Cabinet, Mullard Dull Emitter Valves, H.T. Battery, 2-Volt Accumulator, Cone Loud Speaker of lovely tone and far reaching capacity; complete Aerial Outfit. £7.17.6

Terms 10/6 now and 10/6 monthly.

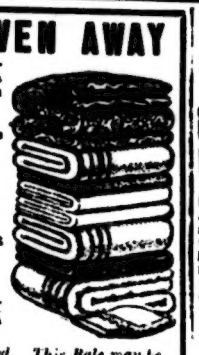
Catalogue Free, Portables & all particulars.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

TEASETS GIVEN AWAY

To every purchaser of our 40/- Bedding Bargain we give FREE a 21-piece "Crown Derby" pattern Teaset. Offer Closing Shortly.

CARRIAGE PAID.



40/-

One Artistic Quilt in rich Floral design.
Pair White Woolly Blankets.
Pair Fine Twill Sheets.
Pair Pure White Pillow Cases.
One Alhambra Quilt.
One Striped Bed Tick.
Pair Long Nottingham Lace Curtains or Two Pairs Casement Curtains.
One Floral Bedroom Rug. (All full-size double beds.)

EXTRA GIFT of Charming CLOCK if full cash sent with order.

Satisfaction or money refunded. This Sale may be secured on 10/- deposit, balance monthly.

L. & C. Hess (Dept. 20), Stevenson Sq., Manchester

RADIUM POCKET LEVER

LUMINOUS DIAL—*Just as light Day or night*—a superfine light-weight watch at a remarkably low price. Guaranteed lever, 30 hour movement, jewelled compensation balance, detachable cuc. Proof against heat cold, damp, electricity. Send no money—send postcard only. Pay after you receive watch 2/- weekly (15/- in all) or Cash down 10/- only.—(D.) HARD & CO 20, New Oxford St., London W.C.1

Dainticar

Worthy of the Occupant

from **1/6** a week

UNIQUE SALE!

During our Summer Sale we are offering a limited number of **GENUINE DAINTICARS** at about half the prices usually charged.

Pram as illustrated, **49/6**

Other models to suit all purses, for cash or from 6/- monthly.

Prompt delivery. Carriage paid.

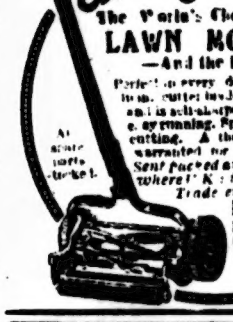
Don't buy any pram until you have seen our SALE CATALOGUE. Sent Post Free.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. P. 188 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

Astounding Value!

The World's Cheapest LAWN MOWER —And the Best.

A LIMITED NUMBER ONLY **18/9** CARR. PAID U.K.



Perfect in every detail, the mower has 8 in. cutter knives of finest tempered steel and is self-sharpening. Smooth, silent and easy running. Special adjustment for close cutting. A thoroughly reliable action warranted for 3 years. Price 18/9. Sent packed and carriage paid anywhere U.K.: immediate delivery. Trade enquiries invited.

Hammett & Wright 14-16, Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5

SEND NOW!

TRIM YOUR OWN HAIR

You think you can't — we guarantee you can!

GREAT HALF-PRICE OFFER!

For a short time only

Saves Time and Money

Trims as it Combs

Complete **1/-** Postage 3d

Simple Adjustable Blade.

A Child can use it. Lasts a Lifetime.

Keep your hair short and neat. With this simple, yet effective device, you can be your own hairdresser and save pounds and wasted hours in salons. Ideal for women who are bobbed or shingled. Makes removal of superfluous hair on neck a matter of simplicity. A boon to men for personal use and a real money-saver for the family man. Made of highest quality materials.

A Lady purchaser writes: "When my friends tell me I must spend a fortune at hairdressers, I show them the comb."

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Get one of these wonderful combs yourself. Send 1/3 now and you will receive it by return complete and ready for immediate use.

FREE to "JOHN BULL" Readers.

Those sending immediately will receive a Free Gift of an extra blade in addition to one supplied with comb — 4 cutting edges which will last for years.

Only from

J. COLE, 24, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Wonderful Home Invention EVERY CORNER in your home can be DIRT AND DUST FREE

Look at the illustration—see how easy it is to fit on the new "Jack Horner" Dust Excluders into corners of stairs, rooms, in fact everywhere where dirt and dust collects—and germs breed. Neat, tasteless, hygienic and labour-saving; will take any kind of paint, and once fixed, cannot become loose. Box containing sample doz. 1 3 (postage 3d. extra). Refuse worthless substitutes. The genuine "Jack Horner" is the only real dust excluder. Send Now!

THE MODERN HOME PRODUCTS CO., 21, Roseville Avenue, Hounslow, Middx. *Trade Enquiries Invited.*

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FROM **12/2** Per Month

Del'd 1st Paym't For storing Garden Tools, Cycles, Prams, Coals, Household Goods. Prompt dispatch. Carr. paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. 5/4in. Feather-edge boarding. Satisfaction guaranteed. Floors extra.

Long Wide High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6ft. x 4ft. x 6½ft.	£3-9-6	12/2	Terms
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Beautifully Illustrated Sectional Building List Free

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£2 GRAMOPHONE ELECTRIC PICK-UP FREE

To all who WRITE NOW for our BARGAIN LISTS and ORDER WITHIN 10 DAYS! The wonderful RENALLS 3, 4 or 6-Valve Sets, all complete ready for listening-in, yours for 5/- down. Cure of Heart-type Fatal Breaker. Astonishing results. LISTS FREE.

ONLY **5/-** DOWN

WRITE NOW.

WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY

Unpuncturable

At long last the Air Tube for which Cyclists have waited. Nails, Thorns, Tacks, etc., positively defied. The Puncture-sealing preparation used in this Tube is guaranteed to instantly seal punctures whilst riding. Proved by Royal Automobile Club tests, and used by Royal Air Force, Metropolitan Police, etc.

Cycle Tubes, 2/11 each.
Motor Cycle, 8/6 each.

Postage 6d. extra. Two post paid. 5,000 ordered below cost to get cyclists to try. Money back terms. When good prices will be doubled. Most amazing invention of the age. Signed guarantee with every Tube. State size required. 186-page Book of Cycles and Accessories FREE 3d. stamp (half-post).

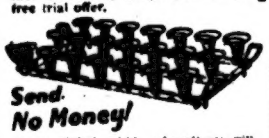
MOORHOUSES (Room 39) PADIHAM LANCS.

Sounder Sleep! Better Health!

7 Nights Free Trial of ALL-STEEL

Fixed under your wire mattress the NER-SAG will give you sounder sleep and better health for the rest of your life. Prove it by accepting our unique free trial offer.

NER-SAG



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NER-SAG LTD., Dept. C, Oxford Circus, London, W.1

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2ft. 6in.	6/9
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3ft. 6in.	8/9
4ft.	9/9
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5ft.	11/9

5/6 SALE OF BED TICKS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

FULL DOUBLE BED SIZE

78 ins. long by 54 ins. wide.

Roomy-make Super quality Heavy coloured stripe or neat Blue & White pattern. Good for 20 years' wear. Perfect new condition. Sale Price 5/6 ea., post 6d.: 2 for 11/6, post free. We also offer **Finest Super Grade Double Bed Size Bed Ticks**, in neat Blue and White pattern, at 10/6 each, post free. Two for 20/-.

BOXED SHAPE with 4 inch inlet sides in either quality 1/6 each extra. Satisfaction or cash refunded.

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LONDON CUT LOUNGE SUITS

Cut to your own measurements in any style. **WRITE NOW** for **FREE PATTERNS** of Latest Suitings. Cash prices from **49/6** or delivered on first payment of 5/-, balance 6/- monthly. Flannel Suits a speciality. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. WRITE NOW, or CALL.

HOLCON (LONDON)

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"IT'S IN THE NAME!" The "John Bull" Pen & "Ever-pointed" Pencil are of real value—they far exceed my expectations—well up to the stand'rd which the name "John Bull" implies."—A. DARBY, Woolland Road, Blackheath.

Written two years' guarantee with every Pen.

SPORT 2/6 SHOES

POST FREE CROSS P.O.

WHITE IN ALL SIZES FINE CANVAS UPPERS

BROWN 4/9 2 PAIRS THICK RUBBER SOLES

ORDER NOW FROM **DANIEL** SPORTS SHOES 35 WELLINGTON ST. STRAND W.C.2

Only one size available 3¼" by 2½" No. 120.

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FOR 50 COUPONS
Kodak
ROLL FILM

★

Only a good gift with a good name is good enough for a good cigarette.

Get your Kodak films free as I do—at least Dad gets them for me. He gave me a Kodak-made Camera a month or two ago that he got free for 175 Coupons from "BLACK CAT" Cigarettes, and now I'm always worrying him for films.

Dad always smokes "BLACK CATS"—he says they're such topping cigarettes, and the coupons soon mount up.

5 FREE COUPONS

(Dept. 8), Gifts Dept., CARRERAS LTD.,
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.
Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name .....

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Only One of these signed Coupons accepted.

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
10 for 6d 20 for 1/-

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JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, June 29, 1929. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Byng and his Boys—Will Ramsay Go?

SOME weeks ago we predicted certain changes in the administration of the Metropolitan Police, particularly as regards officers in charge of the London areas.

Every one of our predictions has been fulfilled, and we are to-day able to forecast some further sensational changes and resignations.

* * *

During the next few days a large number of police officers, including at least five area superintendents, whose names we withhold for the moment, will be moved from their present important duties and their places taken by younger men.

* * *

As some of these superintendents, after long years of efficient service, are likely to be transferred to outlying divisions of which they know nothing, it may be taken as definite that they will tender their resignations to Lord Byng and leave the service forthwith.

They do say

There is much talk in police circles at the moment about the possibility that Lord Byng may shortly place certain retired Army officers of high rank in vacancies that will arise as the result of this reshuffle.

This certainly rankles with men who have been detectives all their lives, and who naturally feel that they will be deprived of the promotion they have earned if such a change takes place.

Trump-card of peace

The reason for the hitch in the Prime Minister's plans to visit Washington is that President Hoover does not wish to surround the peace talks by an exclusive or private atmosphere.

He wishes all proposals to be exchanged openly and normally.

But it has been conveyed to Mr. MacDonald that if any hitch occurs which imperils a happy issue of the matter, then the President would welcome our Premier and his Canadian opposite number at the White House.

Disarmament blues

The City is regarding with somewhat mixed feelings the movement for disarmament initiated by the Prime Minister and General Dawes.

While no one wants to contemplate another war, the City financiers are wondering what will be the effect on the big armament firms.

The shares of these companies have already fallen. Our view is that it is much better for shares to fall than men.

Trade with Russia

According to Mr. Ernest Remnant, leader of the recent delegation of British business men to Russia, that country is entitled to first place in our quest for markets.

Mr. Remnant, who is a Conservative, declares that there is no other country able to absorb so much of British manufactured goods during the next few years. He also predicts that, if we don't get a move on, within a few years we shall see America and Germany getting all the plums.

Surely this is now recognised by all intelligent people, and it should be one of the first tasks of the new Government to introduce suitable trading relations with the Soviet Union.

We are not concerned with the internal politics of Russia; so long as Russians will buy our goods and pay their bills, we are willing to do business.

And it is nowhere denied that the Soviet Government has punctiliously discharged all financial obligations involved by its various agencies in foreign trading.

Air Saves Money—Christian Spongers

Liquor Quandary

"Jimmy" stipulates

In a few weeks the N.U.R. will decide whether to join the Engineers' and Railway Clerks' Unions in a notice to terminate the wages agreement with the companies in November next.

"Jimmy" Thomas, though otherwise engaged, is scratching his head about it.

He is having many talks with railway chiefs on modernisation and efficiency, and it is certain that wages are brought up for unofficial discussion.

Government money for railway development will not be given unconditionally.

Thomson's task

Lord Thomson, the new Air Minister, can greatly help towards cutting down heavy expenditure on armaments by developing the Royal Air Force and extending the scope of its duties.

He must imagine

The rescues by aeroplanes of British subjects from Kabul during the trouble in Afghanistan prevented a costly military expedition and possible bloodshed.

In the Middle East military duties have been taken over by squadrons of the R.A.F. with the greatest success.

Why not entrust still more of these military police duties to the Air Force?

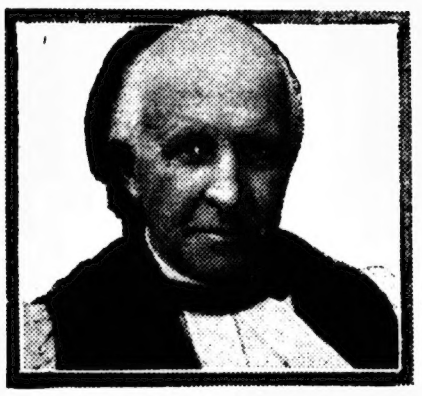
With the use of a little imagination, this splendid Force could be used much more effectively than it is—and aeroplanes are a good deal cheaper than warships and regiments of infantry.

One man, two votes

The International Labour Conference at Geneva last week was lightened by a touch of comedy.

A dusky gentleman was observed to be voting each time with two hands. A protest elicited the fact that he was entitled to vote on behalf of both Liberia, the Negro Republic, and Nicaragua.

What if a third State had entrusted him with its vote?



The Arc'bishop of Canterbury can stop it—if he will

A begging Church

The wealthy Church of England is reduced to begging for money with which to train young men as clergymen.

Because it cannot—or will not—find the money to train 500 men a year, it appeals to individuals to make themselves financially responsible for one student each.

The Nonconformists have no endowments, but they manage to pay for the training of their own ministers, for the salaries of their clergy, and for the building and maintenance of their churches as well.

It looks as if the financial position of the Church of England requires thoroughly overhauling by business men.

Tell us quickly

It is to be hoped that the Government will announce its intentions regarding Safeguarding for the motor and artificial silk industries as rapidly as possible.

The uncertainty as to the future has already affected companies in both these industries and has caused a slump in shares on the Stock Exchange.

Both industries are ones in which comparatively small investors have money placed. They cannot afford to hang on while their shares fall or are manipulated by rich professional operators.

The Government's early announcement will save them much anxiety and considerable loss.

Labour and beer

The Government will probably quickly set up a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole problem of the licensing laws and the consumption of liquor.

This, of course, would comfortably shelve the whole problem for the life of the present Parliament, for Royal Commissions "grind slowly."

Such a delay would suit the Labour Party strategists.

Among the Party's bright boys are a number of uncompromising Prohibitionists and local optioneers.

But the millions who vote Labour will have no truck with "taking away the working man's glass of beer." In fact, the Labour Party managers look on any temperance proposals, however mild, with horror and despair.

So this Royal Commission does seem the best way out, doesn't it?

Factor's fate

Since we unmasked Jacob Factor, the notorious share-pusher, as the power behind a Hatton Garden jewellery company, enquiries have been set afoot by the police and the American Treasury authorities.

A few days ago we were asked by the investigators for assistance, and gladly provided some details which they considered to be of vital importance.

Now, in order not to hinder the enquiry, we must ask our readers to await developments, which we promise will be intensely interesting.

Good strategy

By resigning his seat and offering to fight Preston in the Labour interest, Sir William Jowitt, the Attorney-General, has winded his critics utterly.

We are glad he has decided on this step.

Had he not done so, the cry "Rats!" would have pursued him to his grave, unescapable, unforgettable.

Now Sir William is a man of parts. One day . . . who can say where he will arrive?

We wish him a thumping majority in his bye-election. But he scarcely needs our support. He can win "on his head."

New dope factory

Despite the fact that the world's production of cocaine is nearly twelve times what is needed by doctors and scientists, a new factory has been opened lately in England.

The Home Office must keep a sharp eye upon all drug manufacturers, lest the illicit traffic in drugs gains ground in England from home sources.

We do not want our prisons to be full of addicts like the New York State Penitentiary, where 60 per cent. of the prisoners are heroin-takers. Cocaine brightens the *demi-monde;* heroin gives the crook the courage necessary to do his dirty work.

Over underwriting

A movement is afoot on the Stock Exchange to bring to book a number of defaulting underwriters in connection with the boom issues of last winter.

Certain issuing houses gave large blocks of underwriting at 4 per cent. commission to their friends when they made themselves responsible for these wildcat issues.

In return the issuing houses received what they call a "come-back" as their share of the profits.

When the slump came millions of pounds' worth of shares were left in the hands of men of straw, who could not take them up. This has led to all kinds of financial manipulations and malpractices.

The Committee of the Stock Exchange must take drastic action to protect the good underwriters by exposing the bad.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Come on, Graham

Elsewhere in this issue we have something to say regarding the scandal of a legion of public companies declining officially to reveal their affairs in the knowledge that the Board of Trade will not bestir itself to prosecute.

In shilling fees the public pays something like £17,000 yearly to inspect company files at Somerset House, and again and again searchers find that the vital and essential information is missing from the registers.

This seems almost like a Government department obtaining money by false pretences.

Mr. W. Graham, the new President of the Board of Trade, would make his administration popular in the City and with investors if he ordered the publication weekly of a list of the titles and objects of newly-registered companies and the names and addresses of their directors.

It would be the "best-seller" ever published by H.M. Stationery Office.

Cushy!

Civil Servants whose salaries are fixed on scales rising to a maximum of not less than £600 per annum are to receive in future 23s. 6d. per night subsistence allowance for the first three nights, and 21s. per night for the next four nights, plus railway fares (first-class), when absent on duty.

No wonder there are so many travelling Government officials about.

But what does Mr. Snowden think about it?

Free love-letters

Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, should enquire into the misuse of the Diplomatic Bag Service.

Here is "Uncle Arthur's" chance

Hitherto only Ambassadors and His Majesty's Ministers have been privileged to use this service, which enables them to send their correspondence free of charge.

Now the service is used by all ranks, including typists and doorkeepers.

Bags of free mail are carted away daily from the Foreign Office which, if sent through the ordinary channels, would yield a comfortable sum to the Post Office.

Taxpayers have to pay quite enough as it is without bearing the expense of the free transport of typists' diplomatic love-letters.

Long-winded Ministers

The Premier speaks of his distaste for late sittings, but he will find it beyond his power to prevent them.

They are forced upon unwilling Whips by recalcitrant groups in the Opposition and often in their own ranks.

Even if they do no good they seldom do harm. More important reforms of Parliamentary procedure than dodging late nights are necessary.

Long vacations can be curtailed; more respect can be paid to private Members' rights in debate.

There are men of terribly long wind in the new Government—especially among the Under-Secretaries.

Irish slavery

It is a pity that firms which sweat their employees and then sue them for embezzlement cannot be dealt with severely by the law.

George Loveless, a married man with several small children, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment by the Waterford justices for embezzling £23 from his employers, a firm of bakers.

It was stated in court that Loveless worked from morning till night for 30s. a week and a small commission, which sometimes amounted to 8s. a week.

So there are still slaves in Ireland.

Housing bunkum

With Mr. Arthur Greenwood as the Minister of Health, we expect to see a more sensible attitude adopted towards the building of houses for working-class tenants.

All over the country houses are being built for the working classes in which working-class people cannot possibly afford to live.

A working man cannot pay 15s. a week rent for a house miles away from his work. He has no margin of income to spend on daily travelling.

Houses must be built for the workers within easy reach of their work, and if there is no room for houses let them have big blocks of well-planned and up-to-date flats.

Demolish the slums and build on the vacant sites.

Dirty "talkies"

Two Swiss adventurers are endeavouring to exploit obscene "talkie" films in this country.

Certain well-known people, who ought to know better, recently witnessed one of these sordid shows in a private house in the West End of London.

The installation of "talkie" apparatus in a private house must have cost a pretty penny. But those who want filth are always ready to pay for it.

The police should lay these Swiss by the heels and confiscate their soiled celluloid.

Aberdeen's awake

Aberdeen has awakened from the sleep of centuries, and has launched a vigorous campaign to establish itself as a fine seaside resort.

It will take no end of propaganda before the granite city—now re-christened "The Silver City by the Sea"—lives down all those jokes about sixpences and so on.

"Greycing" pests

Scoundrels who litter dog-racing tracks with nails and tintacks deserve short shift.

The Wimbledon course was recently found littered with nails, placed there for the purpose of injuring the unfortunate dogs.

Magistrates must inflict severe sentences on these pests when they are brought to book.

All-work nurses

The nurses employed in the Brighton Infirmary have a hard time.

Recently Mr. J. Beavan, a Guardian, urged that these nurses should be "granted one day's rest in seven." The committee refused this request.

Some of the nurses, we are informed, work for as long as eight weeks at a time without a holiday. This is inhuman.

We trust that the Guardians, who enjoy adequate rest and recreation themselves, will extend a little sympathy to those who are unfortunate enough to be in their employ.

Tram Shylocks

We award this week's prize for meanness to the officials who control the Glasgow Corporation's tramway service

A committee, anxious to brighten the lot of slum children, decided to take them for an outing by tram. The officials stated that the cost would be £3 9s. per car.

The organisers protested that, even if the children paid full adult fares, the total cost would only be £1 0s. 8d. per car. Furthermore, the expedition would not disorganise the service.

It is monstrous that a wealthy Corporation should try to profiteer at the expense of the happiness of slum babies.

We invite it to reconsider its decision, and give these kiddies the outing they deserve.

The Pope broadcasts

So the Pope is to have his own broadcasting station. The faithful in all parts of the world will shortly be able to "listen in" to His Holiness, who, we trust, will have the sense not to make the ether a medium for propaganda or proselytising.

Such a course would arouse bitter international ill-feeling.

The Vatican will have to use its new loud voice with the utmost discretion.

Coal folly

The South Wales miners are already preparing for another struggle with the owners when the existing wage agreement expires at the end of this year.

"Is he so proud?"

Since the miners lost their national agreement in 1926 each coalfield has had to negotiate its own terms with the owners, and the poorest have gone to the wall.

The miners want a national agreement again, and they would probably compromise on the question of hours to achieve this.

Mr. G. A. Spencer, the agent of the Nottinghamshire Industrial Miners' Union, has been telling his men that a national agreement would pull down wages in Notts to increase them elsewhere.

Is he so proud of his Notts miners earning the magnificent sum of 10s. 6d. a shift that he wants to keep Northumberland men permanently at 7s. 4d. a shift?

Shark's teeth

Serious charges of profiteering on the part of dentists were made during the annual conference of the Association of Approved Societies.

It was revealed that, in one instance, £6 10s. was charged for false teeth, of which £5 5s. was clear profit.

The same dentist, it was alleged, charged £37 10s. for a set of teeth, and performed the same service for another client for £6 10s., because he knew that he could not get more.

A case came to our knowledge recently of a domestic servant being charged £25 for a set of false teeth. The net cost of the teeth amounted to about £4 10s.

The Dental Board should take immediate steps to stop this excess-profits ramp.

What does it mean?

When father is on the beach on July 5 next, he will remember to get the spades and the buckets, the Union Jack, the detective novel, the ice-cream cornets and the luncheon-basket.

But there is something else—most important of all—which he simply *must* get. What is it?

It's something which JOHN BULL has up his sleeve for every reader and for *you*, but you can't have it until July 5. Whatever can it be?

It is JOHN BULL'S Summer Annual.

Ask your newsagent to be sure to deliver your copy next Friday. A modest sixpence, but worth its weight in gold.

Public's bacon saved

Glaring light was thrown at Clerkenwell Police Court recently on a subsidiary of the Little Wadhurst Farm, Ltd., whose pig-breeding stunt has already been exposed by us.

Mr. Dummett shed glaring light

This company sells you a pig for £5, rears it for you, and then sells it for you for what it will fetch. The Clerkenwell magistrate fined this subsidiary Burnham Court, Ltd., £50 and £3 5s. costs for sending diseased pork to London.

It was stated that the carcases weighed only 22 lb. One of them was infected with tuberculosis; the others had suffered from acute fever.

In the opinion of Mr. T. Penman, the meat inspector to the Finsbury Council, the animals were ill when they were killed.

Moral: Buy no £5 pigs from such a firm.

Waxing fat

Market-gardeners in the provinces complain bitterly about the prices they receive from Spitalfields Market middlemen for their goods.

Recently a reader received a cheque for 30s. for five tons of potatoes. The cost of carriage and commission came to £6 7s. 6d., the remainder being swallowed up in minor charges.

No wonder the middlemen wax fat and that market-gardeners are a class that haunt the Bankruptcy Court.

It's always the same old tale. Trust the middleman to fleece the poor producer.

Field's fine tale

Field and Co., 14, Cursitor Street, E.C., are a firm of mail-order "experts" who will help you to make a fortune, if you are soft enough to send them two shillings for a book entitled "Key to Success in the Mail Order Business."

The best story in the book is the tale of how an agent made £100 profit in three months.

If you have got two shillings to spare send it to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund. Then it will not be wasted.

Odd odds

George Lawrence, Ascot Villa, Newmarket, swells the list of bookmakers whose methods we don't like.

A reader complains that he "invested" 5s. on Trigo for the Derby, but, instead of sending him £5 as promised, Lawrence coolly returned him the 5s., with a long story about his losses.

Give Lawrence a wide berth.

Mr. A. Hailwood, J.P.

Owing to an agency error, we published in a recent issue the portrait of Mr. Augustine Hailwood, J.P., for that of Mr. E. A. Hailwood, of the New Constitutional Party.

Mr. Augustine Hailwood was, of course, the well-known representative of the Ardwick Division of Manchester in the last Parliament and was a staunch supporter of Mr. Baldwin's Government.

We wish to apologise to Mr. A. Hailwood for the error into which we had inadvertently fallen.

Watch your watch

Scotland Yard must watch out for Australian crooks who are honouring London with a visit at present.

A notorious criminal, who has served sentences for forgery and manslaughter, was seen sitting in the stalls of a theatre, next to a peeress, the other evening.

The peeress was wearing a valuable necklace which the crook eyed covetously.

We sincerely trust that necklace is still intact.

A Monstrous Monopoly

by A. H. SWAIN

Chairman of the Leicester Electricity Committee and Author of "The Economic Effects of Monopoly on British Power-Stations"

IT is impossible to over-estimate the value and importance of cheap electricity to the future economic welfare of Great Britain. Cheap electricity and national prosperity are indissolubly linked.

The State realised this three years ago and passed the much-debated Electricity (Supply) Act of 1926. It constituted one of a number of recent events of striking significance in the electrical world.

It brought home, even to the man-in-the-street, the dominant importance of cheap power, without which the industrial recovery of the country and his own well-being are imperilled.

Certainly State intervention on such a gigantic scale as the Act foreshadowed, and several other contributing factors, promised a national supply of cheap electricity. But three years have passed. To-day, the prospects of cheap power are considerably minimised.

Municipal control

APPROXIMATELY 64 per cent. of the electricity supply of this country is generated by municipal undertakings. They control and operate roughly two-thirds of the principal power-stations. It lies, therefore, largely in their hands to make or mar the industrial future of Great Britain.

Capital charges are by far the largest item in the cost of production of electricity: and the main item of these capital charges is due to the purchase of plant.

I state, without any hesitation whatever, that the purchasers of power plant have been, and are being, needlessly exploited by a combination of electrical interests set on securing inflated prices for their products; and, at the same time, employing every means to crush out of existence all foreign competition.

I was amazed to learn the lengths to which manufacturers of heavy electrical plant were prepared to go in their unsuccessful attempts to prevent the purchase by the Leicester Corporation of a Swiss turbo-alternator of 18,750 kilowatt capacity, when the best price quoted by any British manufacturer was 69 per cent. more than the Swiss price.

It was very clearly proved that the prices British manufacturers obtain in this country have been used by them, to secure overseas trade at prices with which no foreign manufacturer could possibly compete.

I claim that the export trade in electrical machinery has been secured largely as the result of unjustifiable prices wrung from customers in the home market. The difference between these two sets of prices averages 50 per cent.

The British consumer—the British workman—is paying for this.

It is a curious coincidence that another great Corporation, Edinburgh, had been traversing the same road as Leicester towards breaking the British price "ring." And it is equally curious that it decided to place a large order for electrical plant in the same foreign country—Switzerland.

I was not surprised

WE in Leicester were unaware of the negotiations. But, personally, I was not surprised to learn that Edinburgh obtained its turbo-alternators for the Portobello Power Station at £52,000 less than the best British offer.

Twelve months later another important body declined to submit to the dictation of the British price "ring."

In April, 1927, the Southern Railway Company placed a contract in Sweden for rotary converters costing £120 000.

The company issued an official statement complaining of the dictation by British manufacturers. Nor was it ever denied on the manufacturers' part that a "ring" did actually exist, or that a "quota" arrangement was in operation between firms making rotary converters in this country.

The Corporations of Stepney, York, Newport, Stockport and Dublin acted in a similar way to Leicester and Edinburgh, and also placed large contracts abroad.

What had the ring—more popularly known as "B.E.A.M.A.," or the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Association—to say about this? It issued a brochure under the resounding title of "Foreign Plant in British Power Stations. The Case for Support of National Production."

I would like to deal as lightly as I can with this ridiculous publication.

It was so lavish with statistical inaccuracies that, on the representations of the Incorporated Municipal Electrical Association, it was eventually ignominously withdrawn from circulation.

It was given enormous publicity in certain sections of the Press, and the *Daily Mail* continued to quote its discredited statistics as up-to-date information twelve months after it had been withdrawn.

One of the many misstatements of this brochure was headed "Destroying a Myth." It set out to disprove the contention of the Swiss manufacturers that they would employ British materials in the construction of power plant intended for Britain.

It is perfectly true that the Leicester Corporation was given assurances that over 50 per cent. of the contract value would be actually expended in this country.

But apparently the B.E.A.M.A. had searched the import returns of Switzerland, which failed to prove any such assertion.

It remained for me to ascertain the true facts.

I asked for the Swiss invoices extending over a period of five years.

I found these invoices represented a value of £75,000, all expended with British firms in respect of raw material, semi-manufactured and manufactured articles actually used by this firm of Swiss manufacturers on its contracts obtained in Britain and other countries outside Switzerland.

Newport was singled out with Leicester for stern castigation by the B.E.A.M.A. in this matter. I have seen copies of the invoices relating to the contract, and the foreign manufacturers' claim of "buying British" is amply substantiated.

Ring's blatant cry

BUT, in amazing contrast to this evidence of the fulfilment of promises to purchase British raw material and so giving employment to British labour, I found that members of the price "ring," with its blatant cry of "Buy British," did not hesitate to buy abroad when it suited their purpose.

The Manchester Electricity Committee accepted a tender of a British company for a 40,000 kilowatt turbo-alternator.

No price was mentioned, nor did it appear that other tenders had been invited, or if they had been, whether the accepted price was the lowest.

The eventual destination of a steel rotor body with "Manchester" written on it, ready for dispatch, photographed in the Skoda Works, Czecho-Slovakia, and reproduced as a full-page advertisement in the *Zeitschrift des Vereines Deutscher Ingenieurs*, of September 15, 1928, as delivered to England, does not leave much to the imagination.

I should like to know whether the manufacturers of the 67,250 kilowatt plants for the Battersea power station of the London Power Company, and the 51,250 kilowatt plant for the Bristol Corporation, would be willing voluntarily to disclose, if not the makers of the alternator rotor bodies, at least their country of origin.

The B.E.A.M.A. has asked for an enquiry into "the circumstances under which corporations like Edinburgh, Stockport, Newport (Mon.), York and Stepney have placed orders for generating plant abroad."

Public must insist

THE public should insist upon such an enquiry, and I trust it will be held at an early date. If manufacturers are sincere they should have nothing to fear.

The monopoly which the manufacturers of electrical plant have established is responsible for adding to the purchase and redemption price of plant a sum of £64,500,000 in the last ten years, assuming that the excess price paid for British-made over foreign-made plant has been only 33⅓ per cent.

In the next ten years the interest and debt redemption on the excess expenditure alone will amount to £118,000,000 if identical conditions prevail.

This is likely; for the manufacturers in the British price-ring claim practically to have eliminated all foreign competition.

[*Our comment on Mr. Swain's scathing article will be found on page 19.*]

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

A BISHOP up in the AIR

Biggish Benn—Smashing the Colour Ban—Woolfie does Wonders

Sir ERNEST BENN,
Bouverie House, Fleet Street, E.C.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—I like the blunt candour with which you declare that the dole has created a huge vested interest in unemployment.

Too many people are willing to follow the line of least resistance by receiving the dole and allowing the politicians to find them jobs.

It is high time that people learned to stand on their own feet instead of on the taxpayers'.

Even if you went too far in pooh-poohing unemployment, you have done well to focus attention on your point of view.

You aren't quite right. But there is something to be said for your arguments.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HOOVER,
The White House, Washington, U.S.A.

MADAM,—A storm of indignation has broken out in America because you invited the wife of a negro Congressman to a tea-party.

I applaud the moral courage and Christian feeling which prompted you to extend your hospitality to this dusky lady.

It is difficult to understand the mentality of people, many of whom are Church supporters, who degrade themselves by bombarding you with vitriolic abuse. It says precious little for their Christianity, but it is an unwitting tribute to the gracious act of a great lady.

I take off my hat to you.

JOHN BULL.

A. G. WILLIAMS N. H. JENKINS, R.A.F.,
Cranwell Aerodrome, Lincolnshire

GENTLEMEN,—While columns of unmerited publicity have been lavished upon a young stowaway who foolishly imperilled the lives of the recent Atlantic fliers, you have returned to Cranwell, silently and unacclaimed.

This, I fear, is the British way. We are too inclined to take our heroes for granted and to shrink from anything in the nature of a public display of enthusiasm.

But the splendour of your feat will live in history. You flew from Cranwell to Karachi within forty-eight hours, and actually remained in the air for fifty hours and forty-eight minutes. Then you returned modestly and took up your normal duties as though you had never been away.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.,
17, Pall Mall, S.W.

SIR,—I have been annoyed by reading accounts of the new anti-Socialist Party which you are anxious to form.

The country is just settling down to steady work after the Election. There is no popular demand for such a Party except among the old women who read the *Morning Post*.

The only end the Party might achieve is to give you gratuitous self-advertisement. "A plague on all your Parties."

JOHN BULL.

Captain WOOLF BARNATO,
50, Grosvenor Street, S.W.

DEAR WOOLFIE,—You have more grit than seems possible judging by the pet name with which the society papers appear to have christened you.

During the last few weeks you have been consistently successful in motor-racing on the Continent. Driving a British car, you have won several international events.

This is tribute, not only to your own skill, but to the superb workmanship and efficiency of your car.

Your success should be added inducement to potential motorists to buy British cars. They are the best and least-advertised products in the world.

JOHN BULL.

ROY BROWNE,
Actors' Orphanage, Langley, Bucks

DEAR ROY,—You are a lad after my own heart. When you discovered a burglar attempting to steal the school cups, valued at £150, you tackled the invader and gave him one in the jaw.

Well done, sonny! A cool head and a pair of good fists are all that a man needs in the battle of life.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. H. FROST,
Congregational Church, Coventry.

DEAR PARSON,—I congratulate you, sir, because you don't believe in a dry-as-dust religion. After every service you propose to give a kinema performance in your church.

I agree with you that it is much more sensible to treat the kinema as an ally instead of fulminating a lot of drivel against it. Parsons who do this sort of thing drive intelligent persons from church.

When you instal the first sacred "talkie" I shall come and see it.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman BROW DICKINSON,
Leeds

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Addressing the National Convention of Boot and Shoe Students at Leeds, you state that "short skirts mean dainty footwear." They also mean that father has to fork out a lot for silk stockings and pretty garters. But—bless his heart!—he doesn't mind.

The vision of neatly shod feet and silk-clad limbs is a tonic for jaded minds. The daintier you make those shoes, the better we shall be pleased.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. G. HILL,
Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR,—As the inspector in charge of a certain enquiry at Great Bookham, you said you would not adjourn for lunch. But you had your lunch brought to you. Then as soon as counsel proposed to follow your example, you adjourned.

What was the big idea? You know I commend despatch in public business; but it seems to me that if the business was too urgent to allow adjournment for lunch, it was too urgent to be adjourned for any other reason.

I await an explanation.

JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF LONDON,
Fulham Palace, S.W.

MY LORD,—How frightened your lordship seems to be of a little divorce.

The mere mention of the fact that Dr. Geikie-Cobb, a City parson, held a marriage service over Sir William Davison, South Kensington's divorced M.P., and his new wife, after they had been legally united at a register office, drove you to violent indiscretions.

You put out a deprecatory statement, which means precisely nothing at all; but conveys that in your opinion the whole business was lamentable.

I suppose you would rather see Sir William and the new Lady Davison denied marriage, and compelled to live apart.

But just because you are too limited to take a broad, sane view of the matter, why give the unregenerate ones more stones to throw at the poor old Church of England?

JOHN BULL.

The Coroner's Verdict

SLAUGHTER *of an* INNOCENT

OPENING an inquest on the body of the Conservative Majority, Dr. J. Bull, the Westminster Coroner, said that an enquiry had been rendered necessary by the peculiar circumstances surrounding the death.

"Only a few weeks ago," said Dr. Bull, "the deceased was a lusty, well-developed—some might say 'over-developed'—infant of about four and a half years; sound in wind and limb—especially wind—and suffering from nothing more serious than such infantile ailments as result from coddling and faulty diet, arising from a too-easy access to the 'sweets' of office.

"Early in May, however, it developed much more alarming symptoms, such as orator's sore throat, weakness of the knees and a tendency to walk backward.

"Attended by Drs. Stanley Baldwin and J. C. C. Davidson, it grew steadily worse, and, on May 30, expired. The last words of the deceased were: 'If Stanley had only gone back to his pigs I might not have gone to the dogs.'"

Many people were visibly affected while the Coroner was speaking. Mr. Winston Churchill, in particular, was seen to be weeping into a brand new hat of peculiar design.

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter, for Drs. Baldwin and Davidson, said that, as chairman of the Conservative Party, Dr. Davidson stood in the relationship of family physician to the dead Majority.

In accordance with his usual custom as a convinced Toreopath, he had prescribed "the mixture as before."

Four years ago the patient had been restored to health by means of the "Tranquillity" Mixture, and Dr. Davidson considered that a similar course of soothing syrup would serve in this instance.

Dr. Baldwin, whose researches into sleeping-sickness were well known, had been called in as a consultant and had recommended a policy of "Safety First." This advice had been criticised by those who urged that an immediate operation might have saved the patient's life, but it was easy to be wise after the event.

• • •

"In my opinion," said the Coroner, "a marked lack of skill and vigour was revealed in the handling of this case. The evidence shows that long before the secondary symptoms appeared the infant had developed a nasty 'Safeguarding' rash, which should have warned an expert that the germs of Protection were in its blood.

"This, indeed, seems to have been one of those cases where too many cooks spoil a broth of a bhoy.

"I express no opinion as to the merits of male and female nurses respectively, but I certainly think that the infant should have been cared for by one or the other, and not left to be nursed by elderly maiden gentlemen who have been disrespectfully described as a collection of Colonel Barkers.

"The so-called 'Safety First' treatment was shockingly ill-advised. Under it the heart grew weaker, the feet colder and the pulse more feeble, while there was also a noticeable swelling in the cheeks, due, I believe, to the constant insertion of the tongue therein.

"And all this time Dr. Baldwin, contentedly puffing his pipe, assured the agitated she-male nurses that 'Another little sleeping-draught won't do him any harm.'

"I find that the patient died under an anæsthetic, unskilfully administered, death having been accelerated by months of persistent malnutrition."

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. JOHN KINLEY, M.P.: "When you see me with a top-hat on, you have my full permission to heave a brick at it."

There is nothing wrong with a top-hat. The faults lie in the head under it.

• • •

MR. ROBERT LYND: "It is well for a time to be suspicious of reformers."

And just as well to be suspicious of those who try to hinder them.

• • •

LORD KYLSANT: "The importance of sound national finance for progress cannot be over-estimated."

That's why it's important to set industry on sound legs.

• • •

JOAN SUTHERLAND: "Most women appreciate a husband's capability in the small everyday things of life."

Especially capability to fill the small everyday purse.

• • •

MAYOR OF MERTHYR: "Our proportion of necessitous people, 24,000 out of a total population of 80,000, is larger than that of any other part of the country."

To the everlasting disgrace of any Government, past, present or future, that allows it to continue.

Some Posers *for* LORD ASKWITH

THE City of London is accustomed to stupendous exhibitions of whirligig finance for which the unsophisticated public have to pay dearly.

But even the most hardened cynics of the City have in the last few weeks been amazed by the circumstances in which a £750,000 company, called the Parent Coal Carbonisation Trust, has come into being and had its cash assets virtually extinguished by a few strokes of the pen.

Astonishment has been heightened by the fact that its chairman is Lord Askwith.

The Parent Coal Carbonisation Trust was incorporated last March to acquire the rights in Great Britain of what is called the Aicher process of low-temperature carbonisation.

Its first statutory report reveals that £704,000 of the share capital has been fully paid up.

Daring adventurer

Of this sum no less than £645,000 in cash or shares has passed to a concern named Maisel's Petroleum Trust, directed by Benno Maisel, one of the most daring financial adventurers in Europe.

According to these figures, approximately £50,000 still remains in the coffers of Lord Askwith's company. But such, in fact, is not the case.

More than £42,000 has already been paid out in preliminary expenses; and, according to the estimate of that account signed by Lord Askwith, another £13,000 has still to be met.

Therefore, in reality, little working capital remains to this £750,000 company three months after its birth. Yet Lord Askwith and his co-directors indicated in the prospectus they issued that an adequate balance of £340,000 would be available to carry on its work.

Maisel described himself in the witness-box the other day as of Polish origin. But Somerset House insists that he was born in Russia.

He has figured frequently in unsavoury financial litigation in the courts of Britain, South Africa, and Poland. Judge after judge has told him plainly that his evidence could not be believed.

His Petroleum Trust was born eighteen years ago in company with a discreditable firm called the Franco-British Oil Trust, with which Lord Askwith's company has also had extensive dealings.

Growing in beauty

These two Maisel affairs grew in beauty side by side, depending on each other for existence.

They even shared the same telephone number at No. 16, Moorgate, until this month, when they flitted together to No. 31, London Wall.

Neither has ever paid a dividend, and the most interesting fact about them is that one possesses £61 in cash and the other has maintained a steady cash balance of 3s. 11d. for the past five years.

Since its registration the Franco-British Trust has been steadily engaged in share-pushing campaigns connected with dubious oil enterprises in Algeria, Texas, Poland and Rumania.

Why did Lord Askwith, when launching his Carbonisation Trust, not insist on its being revealed in the prospectus that two of his fellow-directors, Mr. R. F. McNair Scott and Mr. Dan Huun, a Norwegian, were also directors of the Franco-British Trust and Maisel's Petroleum Trust respectively.

He should also inform the public why two other directors, Mr. F. A. Macquisten, K.C., M.P., and Count John Bentinck, of the Dutch Gero Works, who were induced to join the board, have promptly resigned?

Mr. Macquisten's action is probably explained by the fact that he is M.P. for Argyllshire. At Campbeltown, in his constituency, is situated a Maisel colliery that suspended production a few weeks after it was sold to Lord Askwith's Trust.

Maisel recently went to Campbeltown and, by the Aicher process, and it is reported that Mr. Aicher "with the greatest ease drew 34 to 74 gallons of oil per ton of coal."

This farcical demonstration, we find, actually consisted of a mere laboratory experiment with 37 lb. of coal.

Lord Askwith, and a low temperature carbonisation plant belonging to a prosperous company. How many like this will his company erect?

Through a concern styled the Miriam Trust, a loan of £25,000 was arranged by the Franco-British Trust to get on with the wonder scheme of Maisel's.

Lord Askwith is chairman of the Miriam Trust, which was promoted by Mr. H. J. Hardy, an established leader of the company-mongering tribe.

Following the Campbeltown carbonisation comedy and agreements with Maisel, Lord Askwith and his fellow-directors proceeded to find underwriters for their company.

The City raised its eyebrows when it learned that the risk had been given to an unknown firm calling itself Fordham's Trust, which was incorporated last year with a nominal capital of £500.

This Trust incurred a liability of £360,000 in consequence of under-subscription of shares by the public, but not a penny piece has been forthcoming. Its representatives state that no claim was made upon them at the time for the money, whether or not the obligation could be met.

Lord Askwith, as chairman of the Carbonisation Trust, must take action to recover this large sum of money for his shareholders. The revelations, we know, will be interesting if he cares to force the matter to trial before a jury.

Incidentally, Mr. Maurice Harry Fredjohn, another Russian by birth, who is managing director of Fordham's Trust, almost simultaneously with the birth of Lord Askwith's baby, took steps to found another company named the B.P.D. Syndicate, which possesses a capital of £1 consisting of two 10s. shares, of which one has been paid in cash.

He put in a couple of dummy directors, became manager, and appointed the secretary of Fordham's Trust also to be secretary of this little show.

The B.P.D. Syndicate (the letters are meaningless) immediately made an agreement with Maisel to obtain £7,500 from him for services in connection with the flotation of Lord Askwith's venture.

These services amounted to loaning £25 to Fredjohn, supervising the erection of a tiny gas plant at King's Cross, and assisting to prepare the prospectus for Lord Askwith's company!

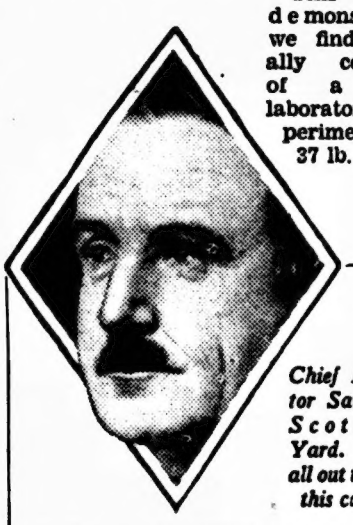
World rights

A statutory report by Lord Askwith and his co-directors had become overdue. Something had to be got ready for submission to the shareholders this month, and the difficulty of the big underwriting deficiency had to be faced.

Maisel gallantly came to the rescue. He simply sold to Lord Askwith's board, among other tawdry things, a share of the *world rights* of the Aicher process and received a cheque for £318,000. The next day he handed over his cheque for that amount less £110.

This transaction, whatever its value, was never hinted at or authorised by the prospectus of Lord Askwith's company, which secured its money from the public for the definite purpose of acquiring only the British rights

It is no wonder that a foremost firm of chartered accountants in the City, Messrs. Layton-Bennett, Chiene and Tait, has now resigned the auditorship of Lord Askwith's company.



Chief Inspector Savage of Scotland Yard. He's all out to catch this captain

DARING O'DARE

IF you are approached by a Mercantile Marine officer in a showy uniform liberally adorned with gold braid, who seems the soul of honesty, and who instantly charms you with his ready flow of conversation, be on your guard lest he should be "Captain Edward O'Dare."

The proprietress of a small hotel at Northwich, Cheshire, has just received a visit from "O'Dare." He explained that he had just returned from a long voyage and wished to stay in Northwich on business for a few days.

Quickly establishing a tone of breezy intimacy, the "Captain" confided that he was short of ready cash, though he had an advance note for his month's pay which would fall due within a couple of days.

If the proprietress could let him have something on account, he continued, she could hold the advance note as security.

As the document appeared genuine enough, and as the captain seemed the last person in the world one would suspect of dishonesty, the proprietress advanced her guest more than £30 in banknotes.

But she soon regretted her generosity, for, to her utter astonishment, the captain mysteriously disappeared, and the advance note proved to be a clever forgery.

The truth is that "O'Dare" is not a captain at all—or even a sailor—but a clever trickster, who lives in luxury with no capital save his ready wits.

He certainly looks a fine figure in the trim uniform he dishonours; and he also knocks up a good figure in hard cash as a result of his presistent frauds.

So hard does he work at swindling that in a remarkably short time he has brought off coups at places as far apart as Aberdeen, Southampton, Newport, Leicester, Sittingbourne, Preston, and Rochester.

Some of the aliases he uses are "F. Francis," "G. Craig," and "F. Bancroft."

He has passed worthless cheques as well as advance notes; and his victims include shopkeepers besides the proprietors of boarding-houses and hotels.

Fifty and more recent complaints from "O'Dare's" victims have been received at as many police-stations.

Yet so adroit is he, that the police have never even seen this slippery customer.

Your opportunity once again!

14/11 THE 25-50s RETURN!

APOLOGIES! SORRY WE COULDN'T OBLIGE

Last year the supply of leathers for the manufacture of the famous 25–50 range of Benefit Shoes at 14/11 was limited. All the stock available was sold at the two hundred Benefit Shops, but now, as in 1927, these wonderful values are again offered to you by post.
This year there are twenty-one styles to choose from. The newest browns, smart glace kids, pat. gol. boots, etc. The shoe illustrated above is 2579, a smart patent leather, welted, non-slip lining, neat stitched toe-cap—wonderful value.
"SEND P.C. FOR CATALOGUE."

Buy Quality at a Benefit price

If no "Benefit" Branch near you these shoes will be sent Post Free in U.K. (I.F.S., Colonies and Foreign, Post extra).

Public Benefit BOOT CO. LTD.
Factory: Q 155
ST. PAUL'S STREET, LEEDS

The Daily Chronicle
FREE INSURANCE
COVERS
Husband, Wife and Children
AT WORK
AT PLAY
AT HOME
OR AWAY

PRICE ONE PENNY

The NATIONAL DOG FOODS

Make a habit of feeding your dog wisely, regularly, exclusively on SPRATT'S typically BRITISH biscuits and meals. They are so handy to feed—so easy to keep—so good for him. Ask your dealer definitely for—

32-PAGE DOG MAGAZINE FREE
Simply send a postcard for your free copy of a magazine full of splendid dog stories, articles, dog lore—and profusely illustrated—to:
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 24-5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

SPRATT'S MEAT-FIBRINE DOG FOODS

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."
Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Your Guide to the "Tote"!

THE "Big push" in the racing world will commence next week at Newmarket when Totalisator betting will be introduced.
From the first week let "THE SPORTING LIFE" be your guide.
The official returns in detail will be published daily and settlements in S.P. offices will be in accordance with "THE SPORTING LIFE" prices.
Over a very lengthy period the Bookmakers' starting prices, fixed by "THE SPORTING LIFE" experts, have never been questioned, and patrons of the Totalisators can rely upon an efficient and accurate service to rule settlements.

The Sporting Life
The premier racing daily—2d.

CONSTANT **HEADACHES**

Continual headaches are a warning you must NOT neglect. They show your nervous system is overtaxed, and that you are lacking in vitality generally. What you need is a good tonic — such as Cassell's Tablets. Tired headachy days will soon disappear. Fresh health will bring high spirits, and life will become worth while once more.

banished after 2 years' suffering

"For two years I have suffered from severe headaches, and my nerves have been completely run-down. I had tried several remedies without success, when the chemist recommended Cassell's. The first bottle brought relief; and I have now taken two bottles with great benefit. I do not hesitate to recommend them to my friends."—Miss Lorraine Gough, 21, Seventh Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

ALSO TAKE CASSELL'S FOR NEURASTHENIA, DEBILITY, DEPRESSION, ANAEMIA, INDIGESTION, ETC.

1/3 & 3/- per box.

CASSELL'S TABLETS

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women, and Children that relieves Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its relief, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It gives instant relief. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

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Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the relief of Rupture.

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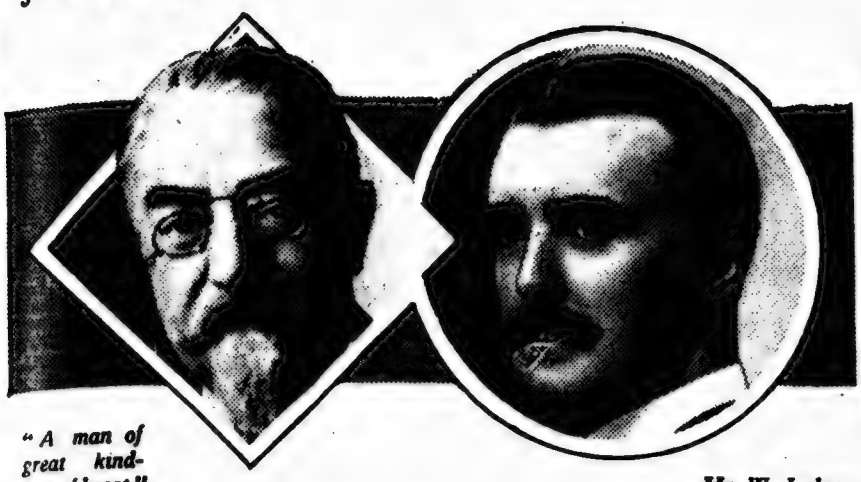


"A man of great kindness of heart"

Mr. W. Jackson, the Gold Coast's new Colonial Secretary. He could help Grove

Blinded by a Government BLUNDER

FOURTEEN years ago, Mr. James A. Grove went out to the Gold Coast in the service of the Colonial Office as foreman-in-charge of the water-supply of Accra, the colony's capital.

Fourteen years is a long time to spend on the coast which has earned for itself the ominous title of "The White Man's Grave." Yet for all that time James Grove served faithfully.

He is the best type of skilled British artisan—conscientious, trustworthy and staunchly faithful to his appointed tasks; and he has a long list of testimonials from his superior officers.

Shortly before the end of his last tour of duty, which had been particularly arduous, he noticed that one of his eyes was playing strange tricks. His period of home leave, however, was almost due, and he carried on.

Leave postponed

At the end of his tour he was asked to postpone his leave as his relief had not yet come out from England. In accordance with the regulations concerning extended service, he submitted himself to examination by a Government doctor at Accra.

He explained to the doctor the trouble with his eye. He was told that in three months his sight would be perfectly normal again, and was passed fit for three months' extra duty.

During this extra service his sight became steadily worse. The Government doctor gave him a letter to a Harley Street specialist, who he said was the "best oculist in England."

On his arrival in England, Grove went to see this specialist, who immediately commenced urgent treatment. But it was too late to save the sight of the eye.

The specialist's report after Grove's second visit is before us.

It states that the patient's vision is worse, and that in the specialist's opinion it was undesirable for Grove to have to continue at work after the eye trouble came on; that it had probably diminished his chances of recovery. Furthermore, that he should have been sent home as soon as the defect became known.

Coincidence

After receiving this report Grove communicated with the Government doctor who had examined him in Africa. By a coincidence this man also happened to be on leave in England.

This doctor's answer to his letter is in our hands.

He writes that Grove's eye will improve, but will never be quite right. He adds: "There will be no reason for your not going back to West Africa."

Grove immediately returned to the Harley Street specialist with his son. The famous oculist told him that if he went back to Africa he would go blind. He also took the son aside and urged him to prevent his father from going out to the Gold Coast again.

The fact is that the civilian expert was right. James Grove did not go back to Africa; but he is now completely blind in the affected eye and the sight of the other eye is also gradually growing weaker.

As Grove did not complete his full term of service he was retired on a gratuity and a reduced pension.

He thought that not only was he entitled to a full pension, but even to the extra pension due to Government officers who had contracted a disability on service.

But James Grove didn't know Whitehall. For two years piles of correspondence have passed between the Colonial Office and West Africa.

The upshot is that he has not got his full pension, owing to the fact that the medical authority in Africa is not of the opinion that his extra duty prejudiced his chances of recovery.

This position is obstinately maintained in the face of the home specialist's statement, and the fact that Mr. Grove is now practically blind.

Calamity

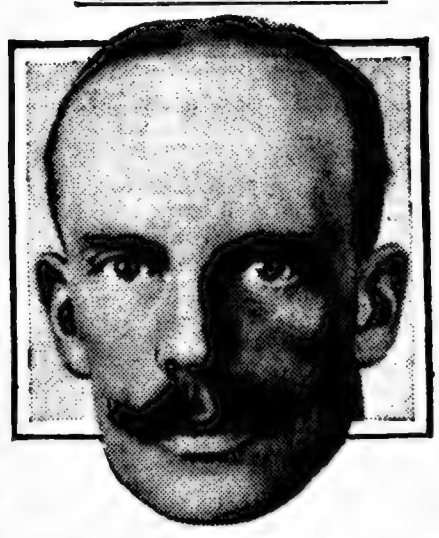
He has given the best years of his life in the service of the Empire; and the worst calamity that can befall a man has descended upon him.

It is said that the new Colonial Minister, Mr. Sidney Webb, is a man of great kindness of heart. Here is an opportunity for him to make a gesture of common humanity that will sweep aside encircling bands of red tape and render James Grove his just rights.

Weekly Informations—

A Mixed Bag

—from Sir Wyndham Childs



I HAVE received a large number of letters from readers who have been entering for the "Dirt Track Competition," run by Ellmarc Textile Products, of 7-8, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.

They have all received letters of congratulation informing them that they have gained the "highest award for accuracy."

The best wishes of the firm are expressed, as also the pious hope that they will lose no time in sending in their "qualifying order"—in other words, that they will part with a sovereign.

I should be extremely grateful if every reader who has gained the "highest award for accuracy" will write to me by return of post. *Verb. sap.*

I am amazed

I am amazed at the readiness with which people will put their money into overseas companies without first endeavouring to find out whether they are of good standing.

Only the other day I received a letter from an ex-soldier who has speculated with his savings and his Army gratuity in this way.

Poor man! I am sorry for him. He seems to have plunged into every conceivable snare, for his investments include the Cambrian Trust; the Porcupine Midfield Mines, Ltd.; Constantine Oilfields, Ltd., and others equally hopeless.

Had this man sought my advice before parting with his money I could have warned him; now, I fear, his chances of reaping any return are negligible.

No readers should hesitate to write to me before considering any overseas investments.

Housewives should close their doors on all canvassers representing tea merchants or grocers who promise cash bonuses to all regular customers.

Countless people throughout the country have dealt with such doorstep tea-vendors for lengthy periods without ever seeing any sign of the promised bonus, but the companies concerned safeguard themselves by a clause in their circulars which states quite plainly that the bonuses are not payable in any "specified time." This means that they need never be paid.

I receive numerous complaints about these evasive companies every day, and I may mention in passing the Imperial Tea Company, of Blackburn; the Savoy Stores, of Hanley, and the Amalgamated Tea Company, of Manchester.

A number of indignant letters reach me concerning a firm of "mortgage and investment brokers" (self-styled), known as Russell and Co., of 8, Calvin Road, Bournemouth.

This company seems to follow the practice of one or two other firms which have come under my notice, and which profess to be able to help people to acquire businesses on easy terms.

Actually, they accept fees for "valuation" or "investigation," but frequently fail to offer the slightest help towards securing the property valued or investigated.

There are certain individuals who will even exploit the misfortune of others, and in this class I would range all those bogus house and estate agents who batten upon the homeless by accepting fees before furnishing "orders to view."

More often than not the addresses they furnish turn out unsatisfactorily. Sometimes they are already let; sometimes the owners of the property concerned deny all knowledge of the alleged agents.

Add to your black list, then, the name of Shannon Moore and Co., of 49, Bedford Street, Strand. This company, I find, is operated by two individuals who have previously conducted similar businesses in other names.

Ignore him

My mail has recently contained many enquiries regarding a person named James H. Browning, who calls himself a "commission agent and stock and share dealer."

He ran a "Duplicated Calcutta Sweepstake" from an office in Crown House, Regent Street, London, and JOHN BULL's advice to its readers was to ignore his very pressing circulars.

Now I learn that he is missing from his office and that the police are being inundated with complaints from people who have parted with money.

The Way to BREAK a BOY

SOME authorities entertain appallingly harsh views on the best methods of training erring lads for citizenship. Take the case of young John Price, of Castletown, County Durham.

When only eleven, John entered on a foolish escapade with two schoolboy companions. They stole 17s. 9d.; and had spent 2s. 7d. between them before their theft was discovered, and the rest of the money reclaimed.

John's parents offered to make good the trifling sum the children had spent. But the law took its course and little John Price appeared at the County Sessions Court.

* * *

The Bench bound him over for two years, during which time he was to report regularly to the probation officer.

For nearly a year the plan worked smoothly.

The boy had learnt his lesson, and his parents had no occasion to fear for his future.

Then one week, when he was on a visit to his grandmother, he failed to report to the probation officer, and his father went in his place, just to let the official know that all was well with the boy.

* * *

When the next week came round the lad was apparently apprehensive about going to see the probation officer lest he should be taken to task for his absence on the previous week.

So he stayed away until it was too late to report. As a result he was again haled before the County Sessions Court.

This time, for the offence of failing to report to the probationary officer, John Price was sent to a reformatory school for five years.

Was there no other way of dealing with this child? Was it necessary to blast his whole future prospects? Was it right to saddle his parents with the anxiety of being parted from their child?

Now has come officialdom's most cruel blow.

Mr. Price was ordered to contribute to the boy's maintenance during his time at the reformatory.

He did so until recently, when he fell upon hard times and got into arrears to the extent of £3 odd.

Unable to pay, he was summoned and sent to prison.

Here is a case of injustice which Mr. Clynes, the new Home Secretary, should consider at the first opportunity. The laws of England exist to help citizens, not to crush them.

SPECIAL OFFER of 1,500
FAMOUS POCKET
'ALPIMACS'

WILLINGLY SENT ON APPROVAL FOR

6D. DEPOSIT

Examine a Coat at leisure in your own home.

The Lightweight Waterproof that is not too flimsy, yet not too heavy.

FULL PRICE 21/- BARGAIN

FULL PRICE 19/6 BARGAIN

Irish & Colonial Orders Cash only

GENTS' STYLE 302.

Well tailored, Raglan style Waterproof, noted for its smart appearance and hard wearing qualities. In Navy and Fawn. Chest measurements, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.

GENUINE VALUE.

LADIES' STYLE 303. Smart, well tailored Waterproof, Raglan sleeves, wrist straps, all round belt and buckle. BARGAIN. In Tan, Slate, Fawn, Navy, Wine, Green and Grey. Lengths, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 ins.

GENEROUS TERMS,

One of these Coats willingly sent on approval at our advertised bargain price on receipt of 6d. deposit, together with 6d., to cover part postage and packing. Balance payable on receipt or by weekly instalments of not less than 1/6. Deposit willingly refunded if you are not satisfied and return the coat within 7 days unworn. Post your order AT ONCE stating clearly size and colour required.

SIMPSONS (BRIGHTON) Ltd.
DEPT. 409,
94 QUEENS ROAD, BRIGHTON SUSSEX.

GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE WITH 10 RECORDS

is the finest value ever offered.

5/- NOW

An extremely neat, good-looking instrument of excellent quality and wonderfully clear and powerful tone, complete with a whole concert programme of 10 records, 20 selections. Size closed 15½ins.

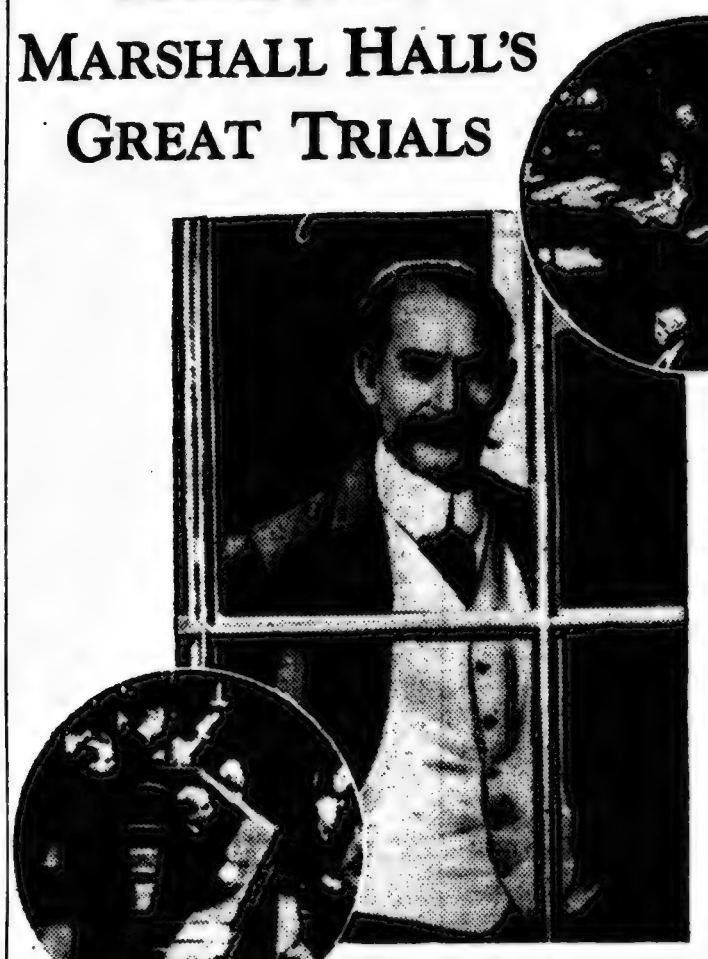
The GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE is covered with waterproof leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, spring fasteners, & carrying handle. Smooth-running motor, 10in Turntable, speed regulator, and starting & stopping device. The Sound Box reproduces with amazing fidelity. Exceptionale in lid for Records. Price complete £3.10.0 TERMS: 5/- with order, and 12 monthly payments of 5/- Write for Catalogue of Horn, Hornless, Cabinet and Portable models. List of needle Records post free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

WITH 10 SELECTED 10-INCH RECORDS (Twenty Selections).

BE YOUR OWN BREWER
and brew prime non-intoxicating beer at home with
MASON'S EXTRACT of HERBS

A real delicious drink sparkling and thirst quenching—costing less than 6d. per gallon. Buy a 9d. bottle to-day from your Grocer, Chemist, or Stores.
NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd. NOTTINGHAM.

SECRETS OF MARSHALL HALL'S GREAT TRIALS



Seddon in the dock listening to his death sentence.

"In the Court only two sounds were audible—the ticking of the court clock and the loud sobs of the judge about to pass the sentence of death."

Seddon, the Fly-paper Murderer—pillar of Society, lay preacher, and arch hypocrite.

The Amazing Case of SEDDON

THE FLY-PAPER MURDERER

THE longest, and in many ways the most sensational case in which Sir Edward Marshall Hall was ever engaged was the one in which he so brilliantly defended Seddon, the fly-paper murderer.

Seddon was no ordinary criminal. No sudden impulse, no bitter provocation, no overmastering passion, drove him to his sordid crime, but sheer greed of gold.

His was a callous and cruel nature. When his victim crawled out of bed in her agony to be discovered later sitting on the floor, Seddon sat outside on the landing, reading a paper, smoking his pipe and occasionally fetching himself a drink from downstairs.

A dramatic part of the testimony is concerned with chemical fly-papers used to destroy flies which, attracted by the pungent smell, buzzed in extraordinary numbers round the bedside of his victim.

The narrative which appears exclusively in *The People* next Sunday is one of the series taken from the only authorised story of the life of the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, compiled from his private papers and diaries.

Sir Edward describes the case as "The blackest I've ever been in." Don't miss the gripping instalment next Sunday—order your copy of *The People* now.

The People NEXT SUNDAY

£1,000 One Week Fair-for-All X-Word Must Be Won Next Sunday. Try your skill!

"The Paper that Pays"—over 15,000 Free Family Insurance Benefits already paid.

"-at last!"

The Perfect Face Powder

The mousse of cream, so scientifically blended with Poudre Tokalon, prevents a shiny nose and instantly banishes all signs of greasiness of the skin. It causes the powder to stay on in spite of gusty winds, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing. Its continued use also has a tonic effect on the skin. It is impossible to detect Poudre Tokalon on the face: all that is noticed is the satin-like smoothness which it gives your skin, the soft youthful bloom it imparts to your complexion and the faint seductive fragrance of its delicate scent.

Society women, stage celebrities—all those women whose complexions must be beautiful—use Poudre Tokalon. 1/- a box. Large Box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3. Refills 9d. De Luxe Compacts 1/9. Refills 1/-

Free Trial.—Send 3d. in stamps (to cover postage, packing etc.) for de luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in various shades, and Crème Tokalon, (Vanishing and Night). Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 8T,) 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1 JB

BRUISES CUTS

BOISTEROUS spirits often end in countless little accidents. That's why mother keeps Germolene handy. Germolene *never* smarts, but soothes and cools the smarting wound. The aseptic action renders the wound surgically clean—immune from poisoning and dirt.

Special tissue-building properties ensure rapid healing—and leave no scars to disfigure face or limb! Buy *Germolene*. JB

Germolene
ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING
1/3 and 3/- A Venos Product

Racing-Car Crook's JEWEL THEFTS

Bogus Pressman's Audacious Hauls

A real racing-car in action. Rosenfeld's is the mainstay of his swindles

FOR audacity, resource and imaginative powers no one could rival an international rogue named Henry Rosenfeld.

Though barely thirty, he could give points to some of the oldest and most experienced criminals known to Scotland Yard.

He has victimised people in various parts of the country. Only recently he visited Hull in his smart racing-car, and engaged a room at the best hotel in the town, explaining that he was on the staff of a great London newspaper.

His happy knack

On this occasion he signed the register as "Michael Stebbings," and exhibited a happy knack of making friends readily. It was not long before he was one of the most popular guests in the hotel.

He was, he said, an ex-officer of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and motor-racing was his hobby.

Once he had established himself as a "well-known" figure in this fashion, he telephoned to a local jeweller and asked for some diamond rings valued at more than £300 to be sent up to him at the hotel on approval.

As Mr. Stebbings seemed to be a "star" guest, the request was complied with, whereupon the bogus newspaper man made certain selections and gave a cheque in payment.

The cheque was soon returned marked "No account," being, in fact, one torn from a book that had just been stolen.

But although the jeweller at once called at the hotel, he found that the impressive Mr. Stebbings had departed without paying his bill and leaving a number of other dupes to whistle for their money.

Perhaps his most audacious coup was perpetrated at Cardiff, during the recent election.

There again he put up at a leading hotel, hinting that he was a publicity agent working on behalf of the local Liberal candidate.

Making a present

Giving the name of Spencer, he greatly amused several guests by jocularly stating that "Spencer" was only an assumed name, as his own really ended with "ski."

One day he telephoned a local jeweller and explained that he wished to purchase two diamond rings, adding casually that one was to be a present to a voluntary worker in the election campaign.

He called at the shop and selected two very costly rings, asking for them to be sent round to the candidate's committee-rooms, where he would pay immediately they were handed over.

He was most careful to stipulate the hour for delivery, emphasising that it would be useless to deliver them earlier.

His next move was a masterpiece of cunning. Calling upon the Liberal candidate himself, he pretended to be a representative of a well-known newspaper, and asked for an interview.

After he had chatted away noncommitally to the candidate for five or ten minutes, "Mr. Spencer" bowed himself out just in time to encounter the jeweller's messenger as the latter was entering the building.

He examined the rings which the latter had brought, but pretended to be dissatisfied, and told the messenger to take them back to the shop.

Having thus created the impression that he was actually working at the Liberal candidate's committee-rooms, Mr. "Spencer" now sauntered casually back to the jeweller's and complained that one of the rings sent struck him as being of inferior quality.

Humbly the jeweller produced still more costly diamond rings for his inspection.

Finally, "Mr. Spencer" asked if he could take back two of the rings to the committee-rooms so that the helper could make her own choice.

Consent was given upon his leaving a cheque by way of deposit, and the bogus publicity agent went on his way.

Of course, he was never seen again; the cheque proved worthless; and enquiry at the Liberal candidate's headquarters revealed that Mr. "Spencer" was known only as a casual caller.

This is Lisbon's chief policeman. He wants to see Rosenfeld in his local lock-up

Although he uses so many different aliases, this polished trickster recently turned up in Southampton and brought off an audacious coup in his own name.

Calling upon the manager of an outfitting store, he introduced himself as the secretary to one of their influential customers in Madeira.

His charm of manner soon inspired confidence, and the manager found him a most engaging acquaintance.

Then, one day, when the manager was absent, Rosenfeld called at the shop, where he was already familiar to the staff.

International crook

With calm deliberation, he selected goods to the value of £45 odd, and induced the cashier to let him have a sum of £20 on the understanding that this would be repaid as soon as he could cash a draft for that amount on a local bank.

As usual, he disappeared from the town, leaving no clue behind him.

In this way he has cheated his victims all over the country. He has already served prison sentences for receiving stolen property, for larceny and fraud.

His reputation is an international one, since he is wanted in Antwerp for swindles carried out as Henri Rosenfield, and in Lisbon for passing a number of worthless cheques.

There is no saying where he will crop up next, but these sidelights on his methods will put our readers on their guard.

Cementing

THREE SWINDLES *a* DAY

POLICE of many countries are itching to lay hands on a suave individual, passing under the name of John David Butchers, who has lately done himself very well by practising a confidence trick on landladies and householders.

Merely by tapping his imagination and insinuating himself by a flow of easy garrulity, Butchers has been pocketing fully £100 a week for some months.

Our last information concerning him was received a few days ago after he had been operating in the Feltham district of Middlesex. Previously he had visited Bedford, Ely, Aylesbury and Harrow.

Invariably he selects towns where new industrial works are being developed, and he arrives equipped with the names and addresses of three householders, generally people of some means, who, he has found, are willing to let part of their houses.

He has no luggage

He comes without luggage, and explains the fact by mentioning that his motor-car has met with a slight accident on his journey, and that it is being repaired in a garage a mile or two away.

Actually he always does leave a car at the place he names, but it is there only to facilitate his get-away with the spoil later in the day.

He is a man of about thirty-six, clean-shaven, of medium height and stout build, deeply sunburned, who usually wears a suit of thick blanket-cloth grey mixture.

He represents himself to be works manager of a North of England construction company which is to lay down electric cables for the new factories being built in the district.

At each of the three houses he visits, he asks for accommodation for himself and for a surveyor who, he states, is following.

From the landladies he enquires the names of other householders able to provide lodgings for ten or twenty mechanics who will be sent later from the works of his firm at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

He also obtains the address of the nearest employment exchange, and not only goes there to apply for a supply of casual labour, but proceeds to fix up lodgings for the mythical squads of men he will employ.

In all the places he has visited, Butchers has taken special care to engage night watchmen. He makes elaborate arrangements at the railway-station for the delivery of materials, never omits to order a few tons of cement locally, and obtains garage room for his motor-car.

All this, of course, is window-dressing. But he takes care that news of all his activities and the plans he has made reaches the three houses where he has reserved accommodation for himself.

Gold watch bait

Later in the day, Butchers tells each of his landladies, now loaded with confidence in his *bona-fides*, that he has to find money promptly to pay for the cement.

He produces a bearer cheque for £40 from his firm, regrets that the banks are closed, and displays two gold watches.

Then he asks where the nearest pawnshop is so that he may pledge the watches until the next morning—depending that the landladies will offer him a short loan of £5 each.

His success in obtaining £15 daily in the towns at which he calls is almost automatic.

But he blundered when he visited Feltham.

One house at which he sought rooms is occupied by a policeman, and the other two landladies he tried to trap there are close friends. He sensed that his trick had for once gone agley, and quickly disappeared in his motor-car.

How long, we wonder, will it be before this rogue is laid by the heels?

A NEW WORLD

We shall be posting a *Bullets* cheque for £3,000 on Wednesday, July 24, bringing a new world of security and happiness to the winner.

You still have time to enter. Turn to page 39 and get busy.

OLD LADY—"That young man must be a very 'eavy smoker!"

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES **10** *for* **6d.** **20** *for* **11½d.** *Also* **5** *for* **3d.**

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By MICHAEL FIELDING

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DAWES and the DAWN

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. MacDonald and General Dawes in the grip of peace. But behind them looms H.M.S. "London," one of the class of cruisers that our own and U.S. naval experts can only quarrel about

MORE power to Mr. MacDonald's elbow. He has struck with great emphasis the key-note of his policy, and already the world breathes more freely.

His gesture to America, his meeting with General Dawes and his decision to visit President Hoover are events of momentous significance.

Let us consider what is involved in them.

It was ten years last Friday since the Germans surrendered their fleet at Scapa Flow.

It is ten years to-morrow since the Germans signed the Peace Treaty at Versailles.

Ten years. And peace, as the poet says, is still "dropping slow"—so slow that it is not yet visible to the naked eye; so slow that Europe is still an armed camp.

Ten years. And British soldiers and French soldiers are occupying the Rhineland as though the war were still smouldering.

Outside Germany, in France, England, Italy, even America, the competition in armaments, ships, submarines, aeroplanes and land forces is going on as feverishly as if peace were a mirage and war imminent.

Against whom are we competing? Against what menace are we preparing? Who is going to fight with whom? What is it all about? In a word, why has the Peace failed?

Certainly the League of Nations still lives, not robustly and confidently as it ought to live, but tentatively and almost on sufferance. But it still lives. It is the one gleam of hope.

But, apart from this, the peace has failed. It has failed because it was a bad peace. It did not aim at eliminating war; it aimed at reconstructing war. It disarmed Germany, and that was right.

But it did not disarm the victor Powers. It destroyed the military domination of Germany, but it permitted in its place the military domination of France.

Racing for war

It left Mussolini in Italy free, in his own words, to make the sky black with aeroplanes; France to make the Mediterranean and the English Channel swarm with submarines, and England and America to start a first-class competition in cruisers.

That is the situation to-day, ten years after the Peace. Nothing that has happened has affected that situation. Germany has been admitted to the League; but it still remains a nation disarmed in the midst of nations armed to the teeth.

The Treaty of Locarno has been signed and we have guaranteed the peace of the Rhine; but France and Italy still go on piling up armaments on a scale never before witnessed.

The Kellogg Treaty outlawing war has been ratified by all the Christian—and some of the non-Christian—nations of the world; but Britain and the United States have for two years been haggling and squabbling over the building of cruisers and drifting to a naval competition like that which preceded our war with Germany.

The clue

What is the clue to this tragedy of failure—a tragedy which if left unchecked must end in catastrophe? It is that Europe is still affected with the war mentality. France does not believe in peace. Italy does not want peace, and Britain will not strike a blow for peace.

Ever since the war we have been under the hypnotism of France, and never more under that hypnotism than during the years in which Sir Austen Chamberlain has been in control of foreign affairs.

The result is that disarmament, which is the only way in which peace can be implemented and translated into reality, has become a hoary jest. For years the Preparatory Commission has been sitting and talking and talking and sitting without yet coming within a thousand miles of decision.

Meanwhile the armaments are piling up, the armies are growing, the submarines and aeroplanes are building, and the poison-gases are being experimented with—all in readiness for the spark that will one day set the whole powder-magazine in flames.

This thing must be stopped. It must be stopped now, before the spark flies and before the nations have chosen their new partners and their new enemies for the new dance of death. And it can be stopped now. The moment is ripe and the men who can do it are in office.

How is it to be done? Ever since the war—and even during the Peace Conference—we have backed the wrong horse. We have danced to the tune which France has set. We let her go into the Ruhr without a protest. "Hats off to France!" we cried.

We have kept our soldiers wasting their lives on the Rhine to please her. We have waited while she has built up a military despotism in Europe more powerful than anything since the days of Napoleon.

We have paid her debts to America and stood by while she has spent the money she owes us in strengthening her armies and building submarines that command the Channel and aeroplanes that command our cities.

We have acted as if she were a spoiled child or an imperious mistress.

And meanwhile we have turned the cold shoulder to America.

I do not suppose that Sir Austen Chamberlain had any hostility to the United States; but he succeeded in giving the impression that he had, and he certainly succeeded in freezing our relations, and in bringing us within measurable distance of an open race in naval armaments.

Key to peace

And all this in spite of the glaring fact that the key to world peace is an Anglo-American concordat. Together the two English-speaking communities control nearly half the area and much more than half of the wealth and material power of the earth.

They and they alone have the power to impose peace. And they have this in common: They both stand outside the European cockpit and they both have nothing to gain and everything to lose by war.

At last the concordat is in sight. The United States has a new President; Great Britain has a new Premier. Both are men sincerely and passionately devoted to the cause of world peace.

Both realise that that cause is in the hands of these two mighty communities, and that if they march together and give the world an example, all the other nations must fall into step.

Mr. Hoover has made a magnificent gesture to us. (It was made at Geneva two months ago.) Mr. MacDonald has responded with a promptitude and a warmth that has changed the whole atmosphere of America towards us.

Great statesmanship

He has clinched the matter by offering to go to Washington to meet the President and discuss the terms of naval understanding.

This is great statesmanship. It is the most momentous thing that has happened in the world since the Peace that Failed. It brings disarmament out of the clouds and Peace within our grasp.

He Won the *ELECTION!*

MR. JAMES ASHPLANT, 106, Harlow Street, Liverpool, is the winner of the £500 in our General Election Competition.

The actual number of votes cast in the election was 22,639,117. Mr. Ashplant's forecast was 22,639,101, only 16 out. No other entrant was within 100 of the figures.

This amazingly close estimate marks the culmination of our great pre-election ballot, in which our readers accurately foretold the extent of the landslide to Labour.

Interviewed by a special representative, Mr. Ashplant told how delighted he was at the news.

"I am getting married shortly," he said with a happy smile. "And so the five hundred pounds has come as a godsend. It will enable me to get a home. I am longing to break the news to my fiancée."

He smiled whimsically as he gazed at a photograph of the pretty girl who is destined to be his bride.

Mr. Ashplant, who is only twenty-six years old, has had an adventurous career. He joined the Hussars at the age of fifteen and fought in France. At present he is working as a motor-lorry driver.

He had just come in, worn and tired after a long day's work, when the news of his success was broken to him.

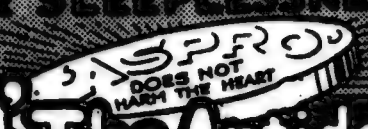
"It's wonderful," he said. "I can hardly believe my good fortune. How did I make my forecast? Well, I judged from various papers, including JOHN BULL, that the electorate consisted of twenty-eight million people. I estimated that about 75 per cent. would vote. Then I weighed chances, examined last election's figures, and worked out my estimate most carefully.

"I have been competing in JOHN BULL competitions for many years," continued our winner; "but this is my first big prize."

Mr. Ashplant was born in the Isle of Man, near the great Laxey waterwheel, and came to Liverpool in his boyhood.

So, once again, a JOHN BULL cheque has started a young man on the road to prosperity and married happiness.

HEAT
HEADACHES
IRRITABILITY - HAY FEVER
HOT WEATHER SLEEPLESSNESS
A Message from the South



'ASPRO' The Antidote

Heat waves in England generally find us unprepared for the discomforting conditions that they carry in their trail, LASSITUDE, IRRITABILITY, NERVINESS, HAY FEVER, SLEEPLESSNESS and SUN GLARE HEADACHES, all contribute to the discomfort of the average citizen during periods of excessive heat. In sub-tropical regions such as Australia (where an average of 5 tablets per head are sold to every man, woman and child each month) and Africa the helpful qualities of 'ASPRO' during heat waves are well known. In these countries practically every person carries 'ASPRO' as an antidote for the ills the flesh is heir to, due to excessive heat and humidity. We urge all who suffer from such discomfort to purchase a packet of 'ASPRO' from their local chemist or store and prove for themselves its wonderful soothing power—whether it be to soothe away irritability and nerviness—bring sweet sleep to the sleepness—or banish quickly and effectively those headaches caused by the glare of the sun.

SLEEPLESSNESS AND VIOLENT HEADACHES GO

39, Westminster Road,
Ellesmere Port,
Wirral.

Dear Sirs, 30/10/28.

I feel it my duty to write to you about the benefit I have derived from your wonderful tablets. They have been a godsend to me as I have been a sufferer from sleeplessness and violent headaches for years. I was also unable to walk any great distance, but after one month's course of 'ASPRO' I feel a new woman. I began to find relief from the first. I have recommended them to a great many people here and other places confident that they will find the relief from pain marvellous.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JULIA SMITH.

QUICK RELIEF FOR HEADACHE NO ILL EFFECTS

Springs, Bury.

Dear Sirs, 10/5/28.

As a constant user of your famous 'ASPRO' I feel it is my duty to write to you with regards the benefit I get from them.

I have been a sufferer from bad headaches for years and find 'ASPRO' relieves me very quickly and without any ill effects whatever.

I have recommended them to all my friends, who since speak very highly of them. They should be kept in every household.

(Signed) G. N LEE (Mrs.).

SPLENDID REMEDY FOR HEADACHE

Dayleside, Woodford Green, Essex.

Dear Sirs, 22/3/29.

After suffering years with continual headaches, I bought a small box of 'ASPRO' tablets and the benefit I got from them was a boon. If I get up with a headache I take two 'ASPRO' tablets and in a little while it has completely gone. I shall always recommend them to all my friends, as they are a splendid remedy.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) VIOLA R. CHALK.

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Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, one tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

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INFLUENZA	PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN	IRRITABILITY
COLDS		ALCOHOLIC
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RHEUMATISM	SLEEPLESSNESS	HAY FEVER
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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS — TAYLORS — TIMOTHY WHITES — SQUIRES — NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

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(*The Famous Cricketer*)
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LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

OCEANS of MILK—

—but not in the bottle!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

MR. MACDONALD is credited with a determination to see what can be done to put a stop to profiteering in food. He is also, it is rumoured, going to invest the Food Council with real powers, so as to make it an effective protector of the hapless consumer.

I hope both these rumours are true. Despite the juggling with the "index" figures, which every now and again show a minute drop in the cost of living, every housewife knows that food is scandalously dear and that prices have a habit, not only of remaining sky-high, but of varying shamelessly.

DESPITE all the stories of fabulous wheat crops, slumps in the wheat market, and record low prices, bread remains at a figure that, before the war, would have caused a riot. Meat is outrageously dear; fruit is a scandalous price.

Just now milk is in the limelight again.

Farmers and distributors, anxious to avoid the annual September war, have reached agreement on a scheme designed to regulate supplies and so obviate the danger of "over-production."

You see, if enough milk was produced for every baby and every child in the country to have as much as he wanted, the market would be "flooded" and the price would be wonderfully low.

Therefore, an artificial scarcity must be created so that the price shall remain at an "economic level."

They call this "the law of supply and demand." I call it daylight robbery.

Let us just recall what happened to milk last year. Farmers—who had to pay carriage to London—were offered by the dairymen 1s. 4½d. per gallon from October to March, and 1s. per gallon from April to September.

THEY squabbled for three weeks, and eventually fixed the price at 1s. 5d. per gallon for four months, 1s. 4d. for another four months, and 1s. for the other four months.

And the retail price, which had been 6d. per quart for six months and 7d. per quart for the other six months, was juggled into being 6d. per quart for four months and 7d. for eight months.

Thus a family of five, consuming a gallon of milk each week, was mulcted of 2s. 8d.—quite unnecessarily.

Now this wonderful law of supply and demand leaves farmers and distributors with more liquid milk than the babies and the little children can drink.

I don't know how this comes about, seeing that there are thousands of babies who never see fresh, pure milk; but that's what these gentlemen tell us.

Therefore, they have entered into a wonderful scheme to get rid of this "surplus." Since the babies and the nursing mothers don't want it, we must do something with it, mustn't we? It mustn't be wasted!

So, having fixed a satisfactory price to the farmer and a very satisfactory price to the distributor, they are going to give the public a little sop by charging only 6d. a quart instead of 7d. during August, and they are going to turn this wonderful surplus into manufactured products.

And in case any farmer thinks he would like to sell his surplus milk cheaply to people who haven't got any, they have entered into a rigid national agreement which gives them complete control over all this surplus.

Business is business, and, whatever happens, the profits of the milk combine must be kept up.

Yet it is strange that there should be any surplus at all. It is even stranger that the British farmer produces nearly twice as much milk as is "required" for liquid use.

For while this is the case the imports from abroad of skimmed condensed milk are rising all the time. Last month we imported 665,771 cases of this milk labelled "Unfit for Babies"—a record.

And last year more than two hundred million tins of this valueless commodity came into the country.

WHILE the farmers and the dairymen are arranging what to do with their surplus milk, let me remind them of what the Government investigators said when they returned from the devastated coal areas of Wales a few months ago:

"Fresh milk was not seen by us except when supplied from a welfare clinic." There doesn't really seem any reason except prohibitive cost why farmers should have any surplus, does there?

There is no question that the distributive costs of milk are too high. As long ago as 1920 the Public Health Committee of the Manchester Corporation elicited the information from traders that, given a fairly uniform supply and a compact area of delivery, the price of milk could be reduced by at least 3d. per gallon.

During the war Maidstone centralised its milk distribution and immediately effected a 50 per cent. saving of cost.

So that where the high price isn't due to deliberate profiteering it is due to inefficiency. What other conclusion can be drawn?

But there is another aspect and an even more serious one. I might have less to say about the margin of 1s. per gallon between the price paid to the farmer and the price charged to the consumer if the result all the time was the best and purest milk.

It isn't. Every medical officer of health in the country spends much of his time in condemning dirty milk.

High prices don't even mean purity; a serious matter indeed in view of the fact that bovine tuberculosis, transmitted through milk, accounts for 3,000 deaths every year—6.4 per cent. of all deaths from tuberculosis of all kinds.

The truth of the whole matter is that, in order to make inflated profits, the farmers and the dairymen are deliberately keeping the cow from the baby.

TO pretend that there is no demand for increasing supplies of milk is pure balderdash. There should be no milk surplus until every baby has all it wants.

The production of milk is not, in essence, much different from the production of motor-cars. If the policy of selling huge quantities cheaply pays in the latter, why suppose that to sell small quantities dearly is a good game with the former?

The problem of surplus milk is a problem that farmers and the distributors have created for themselves. I don't mind that. What I mind is that, unless they are brought to heel, they will also create a problem for the consumer.

That is why I hope the Food Council will soon be made a reality. It ought to be given full executive powers to investigate accounts, announce fair prices, and make recommendations for State and municipal action if the trade refuses to behave itself.

Such action would, in the long run, benefit the farmer as much as anyone, for his problem is very largely one of bringing the cow to the baby.

Milk production properly handled could go a long way towards putting British agriculture on its feet.

The Human Machine

THIS FREEDOM

THE real test of a man is not the way he does his work, but the way he spends his leisure.

Most men work because they have to, but in their free hours they are their own masters. They can do something or they can do nothing. They can be happy or they can be miserable.

The manner of spending leisure hours is all revealing. The lounger and the bar-crawler give themselves away no matter how much they may pretend.

Nobody who is always idle can be really happy. Happiness is the child of a busy mind and an active body. If you don't believe this, watch the bored looks of the rich idlers who wear themselves out by a feverish search for fresh sensations and excitements.

Carlyle's gospel wants a lot of beating—"Find thy task, and, in God's name, produce! Produce! if only the smallest fraction."

Do something in your leisure hours—have an occupation of some sort. If it makes you happy that is all that matters.

Isn't that the essence of a hobby, that it should satisfy some secret desire of your soul? That is why the use of leisure betrays the real man. The man whose leisure is a burden to him is only half alive.

But don't make the mistake of turning your hobby into a real task. You mustn't work at play any more than you should play at work. The essence of play is recreation and relief from work. Did you ever pause to consider that recreation does really mean re-creation, the re-creating of tired mind and weary muscle?

How can it achieve its purpose if you make your play harder work than your work?

The most difficult job in life is to hold an even balance between the many activities that occupy the day. The more even the balance the more chance there is of achieving real happiness.

WHAT COULD YOU DO WITH *£5?

You can *save* £5, and you can also *win* £5.

You can save this amount by smoking 'Plus Two' Cigarettes at 12 for 6d. instead of ordinary cigarettes at 10 for 6d. This means that in every 6d. packet you get *two free cigarettes*—full size, weight and quality. In the course of a year, supposing you are smoking twenty packets a week, you receive over 2,000 free cigarettes—value £5.

HOW TO WIN £5

You can win a further £5 by simply telling us how you would spend the £5 a year you can save by smoking 'Plus Two.' Twenty prizes of £5 each will be given for the best answers, stated in not more than 24 words. All entries must be accompanied by *the complete outer cover of a 'Plus Two' packet,* and should be addressed to Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Competition Dept. H3, 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2. Closing date for Newspaper Competition No. 1, June 30th. Results will be announced in this paper on July 20th. Get a packet of 'Plus Two' and send in your entry *to-day!*

*£100 in cash prizes for the 20 best answers

'Plus Two' Cigarettes, Cork-Tipped or Plain. 24 for 1/-; 12 for 6d.; 6 for 3d.

TOO MANY COOKS—*including Arthur*

A Pretty Dish to set before the King!

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

THE King's Speech in which the Labour Government will announce its first programme of legislation cannot fail to be an intensely interesting document.

What its exact terms will be remains a Cabinet secret; but there are certain things we can prophesy with confidence.

It is clear that international relations are going to receive special attention, and there will be a promise of very definite naval disarmament, and the lightening of the crushing taxation resulting from the failure hitherto to make any progress in that direction.

There will be comprehensive measures foreshadowed for the alleviation of unemployment. That, too, is certain.

Slum-clearance, housing, roads and railways—we shall hear all about these as well.

But here prophecies end, and there is no one outside the Cabinet who can say what else the Government's programme will contain.

Mr. Snowden is bitterly opposed to the autocratic powers of the Bank of England. How far dare the Chancellor of a minority Government go in that direction?

Some distance he must go, for money policy and unemployment and trade depression are one and the same problem.

There are certain things the Speech ought to contain. Let us set them out.

WE expect a definite pledge that Great Britain will sign the "Optional Clause" at Geneva, thereby agreeing to submit all disputes, of whatever nature, to arbitration. We, better than any other nation, can give the world the lead towards making the Kellogg Treaty a reality.

We expect a definite announcement that the Budget of 1930 will establish a proper system of taxation of land values.

We expect to be promised the speedy restoration of the penny post, the removal of pensions anomalies and injustices, the rapid extension of educational facilities, and a great expansion of the functions of the Ministry of Health.

We expect also, in view of Mr. Snowden's own strictures in the columns of JOHN BULL, the promise of a searching enquiry into the scandal of industrial assurance.

There is enough here to keep any Government busy for the full term of its Parliamentary life. None of it is Socialism: little of it is contentious: all of it is urgent.

It is a programme to which the Liberal Party must perforce give its support, and which the Tory Party hardly dare oppose.

No one will blame the Government for being cautious. It has a long and difficult row to hoe. But it will lose half the good will with which it has set out unless its proposals show a determination not only to get something done, but to achieve a lot.

As for Mr. Lloyd George, whatever future there may be for his Party certainly depends on it helping and not hindering.

* * *

THE disgraceful riot at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, when 300 medical students broke up the meeting of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection calls for drastic action by the University authorities. It is time it was made clear to these pampered hooligans that we in this country still prize free speech and fair play.

Rioting rowdies

What, we wonder, would have happened if it had been a political meeting rushed and broken up by 300 Communists? We fancy that authority would have had something to say—and very quickly.

What would have happened if they had been 300 unemployed from the East End? Would they have been allowed to behave like wild animals and later "dance in Piccadilly with straws in their hair"?

We fancy not, and we are at a loss to see why University students should have any special privilege to act in a way that would never occur to their more ignorant—but more gentlemanly—fellows.

This is the third year in succession that these ill-mannered mountebanks have disgraced their Universities and themselves.

We look to the University authorities to see that it is the last.

COUNCILLOR A. H. SWAIN, the writer of the challenging article that appears on page 7, may be presumed to know what he is talking about.

He is chairman of one of the largest electricity undertakings in Great Britain and a member of the East Midland Electricity Advisory Board. He was an important witness at the Exports Credit Committee Enquiry, and was later consulted by the French Government on the same subject.

A grim ring

We mention these facts because, in view of the sensational nature of the writer's assertions, it is just as well to draw attention to his right to make them.

We, of course, have insisted for years on his main contention that cheap and abundant electricity is an indispensable condition of restored national prosperity.

We have also insisted that behind the scenes was some strange influence holding the consumer to ransom.

We seem to have been right. The price "ring" would appear to be all-powerful.

Since the Central Electricity Board is a Government body, there is obviously a golden opportunity for vested interests to fleece the taxpayer.

FOR the national development of electricity on the scale that is now contemplated is not going to involve a matter of mere thousands. It is going to mean the spending of millions. There will be fine "pickings"—if we are not careful.

Since the Government is involved up to the hilt, it is obvious that the whole business should be investigated without delay.

As our contributor rightly says, if manufacturers are sincere, they have nothing to fear. If, on the other hand, there is anything to hide, public interest demands its instant disclosure.

We have had repeated experience of what the building "ring" could do to stifle the rapid development of a national necessity.

Let us at least know in time whether the same thing is being repeated in electricity.

Miss Mellerup will ride through Coventry like this on Saturday in a Lady Godiva procession. Everyone may look

The military gentleman is Lord Cromer—the man who censors plays. The strange gentleman is the original Peeping Tom. His statue is at Coventry

"There is still a good deal of the bad little boy . . . left in most of us." So this London policewoman thought as she chased these kiddies away from the Serpentine. They wanted to bathe—it was forbidden

WHEN Lady Godiva rode through the streets of Coventry on a certain June 29, many hundreds of years ago, the people of the little Midland town were told not to look. But that didn't stop Peeping Tom.

Nothing can stop the Peeping Toms. And when somebody tries, the number of Peeping Toms increases.

Bluebeard couldn't stop his wives peeping by telling them they mustn't look—and turning the key. If he had left the door unlocked and said nothing about it they might not have been in the least curious.

A widely-advertised ban, and no ban can help being widely-advertised, is an invitation to the Peeping Toms to come along and get on with their peeping.

Recently the editor of the *Sunday Express* gave a half-column advertisement to the exhibition of paintings by Beltran-Marsés, simply by saying that certain pictures were "shocking."

Had he praised them no one would have taken any notice. But because he called them "blatantly abominable," people lined up in queues to see them.

Attention was drawn to the paintings of D. H. Lawrence in the same way. Crowds flocked to see the pictures that the Press denounced as offensive in taste.

Curious enthusiasts

Look at the boost that the Censor of Plays gave "The Shanghai Gesture" recently, when it was produced for private consumption only by one of the highbrow Sunday night societies at the Scala Theatre. It drew a large and fashionable audience far more curious and enthusiastic than that which you will find at any ordinary first night.

It was quite a Peeping Toms' picnic. And if ever "The Shanghai Gesture" *does* manage to slip past the Censor it is assured of a very good run. Coventry was luckier than most towns. They only had one Peeping Tom there.

Banned plays are growing in popularity. The societies that live by producing them on Sunday nights are growing in number.

The farcical thing is that the Censor can't stop them. He can only stop money being taken at the door. By his very act of censorship he helps them. By saying "You mustn't" he causes every Peeping Tom in London to say "I will!"

There is still a good deal of the bad little boy or girl left in most of us. Tell a youngster he mustn't touch the jam, and somehow he'll manage to get at it. Little boys who simply hate smoking will smoke on the least excuse because smoking for little boys is forbidden.

Even the Prime Minister has confessed that whenever he sees a board bearing the threatening words "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" he immediately wants to trespass.

And there are very few of us who are not in sympathy with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on this point. A board bearing those words is just "asking for it." Usually it gets it.

Where is the motorist who has not broken the speed limit? Where is the angler who has never disregarded the "No fishing" notice? Where is the man who has always obeyed the stern command to "Keep to the Left" in a Tube subway?

And though few of us have the courage to do it—or, perhaps, the money to back up our courage—where is the spirited citizen who has never been possessed of a desire to pull the communication cord in a train?

There are scores of things we shouldn't do. In the main, we don't do them. It is pointed out to us that these things shouldn't be done. Being reasonable people, we agree. It is when we are sternly told we mustn't do them that the trouble begins.

"Please keep off the grass" says the notice in the park. This is reasonable, as well as polite, and we submit. Change it to "You mustn't walk here!" and the parks would need re-turfing three times a year.

Nine times out of ten naughty little boys are naughty little boys because they are treated as such by stern grown-ups.

Treat grown-ups as naughty little boys and, nine times out of ten, they'll behave like naughty little boys.

Questionable books have not a great sale. The muck-rake is not a widely-popular implement. Left alone such books would fall dead from the press. The normal person has no strong desire to touch them. In fact, he never so much as thinks of them.

But tell him he mustn't look at them, and so far from dying in their cradles they grow up into sturdy giants.

Let us take the case of Miss Radclyffe Hall's "Well of Loneliness." The authoress has made a certain amount of money and a huge reputation out of this book, simply because millions of readers all over the world were told they mustn't peep into its pages.

Petered out

Had the book been left to take its chance in the ordinary way, like other books, a rather dreary production would have petered out and been completely forgotten.

Ten years ago undressing on the stage flourished in every cheap revue on tour. The Censor seemed to fall asleep. We weren't forbidden to look. Now, of course, we're all completely bored by this kind of thing. We've got over it.

A show that depended on undressing scenes to-day would be out of business in a month. Unless, of course, it fell back on the ancient wheeze: "For Adults Only." That still brings out a few of the Peeping Toms.

But imagine what would have been the position if the Censor had taken his usual course of sitting on the safety-valve and given them a free boost by putting up the "You mustn't look" ban.

Shows of this nature would have been driven to the shelter of the "artistic" producing societies, and would be flourishing like weeds to-day, pandering in dark holes and corners to the worst instincts of the worst people.

Thirty years ago a pair of ankles was supposed to be rather "fast" and thrilling. Nowadays knees have come in, and the thrill has gone out with the ban.

There was a thrill, too, in escaping from a chaperone in those days which made any girl excited to be alone with any young man. To-day, who cares?

Again and again, all over the world, the "You mustn't" order defeats its object. It is a "dare" that sporting humanity cannot resist. It is a challenge that never lacks acceptance.

Dreary night clubs

In all England where could we find a drearier institution than the London night club? These places are the last word in gloom, the metropolis' most expensive examples of supreme dulness.

But they are supposed to be "naughty" and therefore they flourish. There is the "You mustn't" ban upon them, and therefore they are full.

At Oxford, undergraduates are forbidden to drink in "pubs." In their own colleges they can drink more cheaply and get better stuff into the bargain. But they prefer to drink in the "pubs" all the same when they can do it.

What a different tale there would be to tell if they were not forbidden to drink in "pubs." Then there would be no thrill in doing it and it would die out.

A similar state of affairs on a much worse scale exists in the colleges of the United States. There the consumption of alcohol by students has reached alarming proportions. Girl students as well as boy students do it. Because they mustn't.

Before Prohibition none of them thought of it. They could. Therefore they didn't want to. Now they're all doing it. Night after night they get drunk on rotten gin and imitation whisky and thousands of promising careers are ruined annually. Many of them end almost before they have started, in suicide.

Stupid it may be, but merely to label it stupid does not dispose of the problem it presents.

Prohibition itself is one of the crowning examples of the "You mustn't" ban. Another nation's domestic affairs may not be our business, but it is certainly our business to learn a lesson from them if we can.

Most Englishmen who have not studied this matter very closely are apt to overlook the important fact that America was going "dry" of its own free will before Prohibition was imposed. A majority of the States had voted themselves "dry" in advance of Mr. Volstead and his Act.

"... A pair of ankles was rather thrilling. Now knees have come in and the thrill has gone out"

He with the moustache is Mr. Volstead. He's bone dry—and said "You mustn't." The chubby fellow is "Scarface" Al Capone; and the policeman with a machine-gun is what bootleggers and Volstead have brought to the U.S.

YOU MUS

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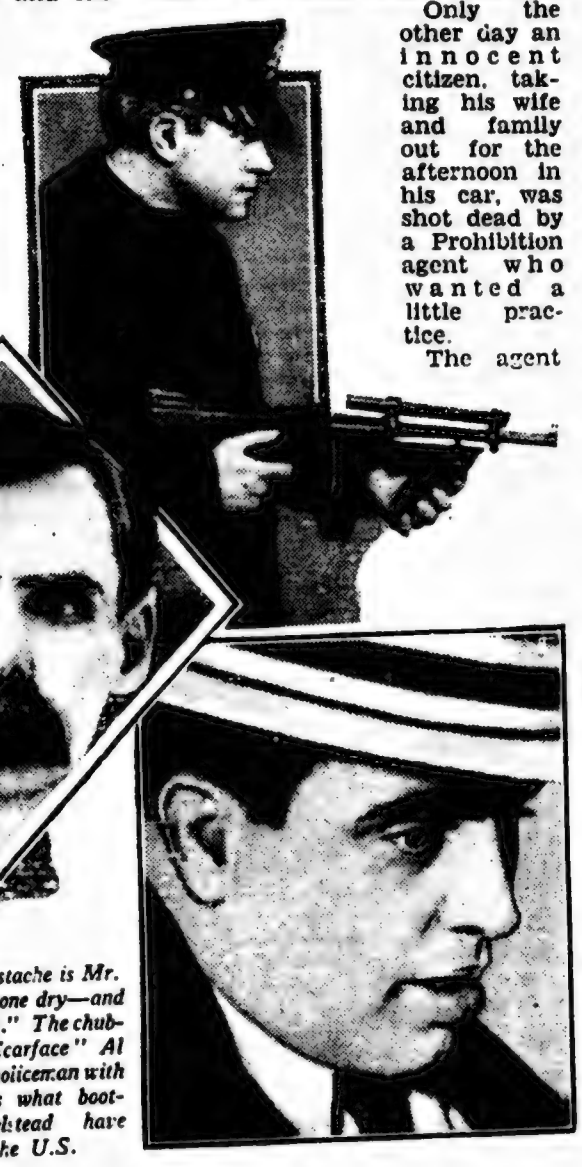

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Left to reason and education and propaganda it is extremely probable that the United States might have been completely "dry" by now without any trouble. But along came Mr. Volstead and his Act, and the trouble came too.

Many American cities now resemble a battlefield. One bootlegging gang is armed against another bootlegging gang. The Prohibition agents are armed against both. The public, in self-defence, is armed against the lot of them.

Scum floats up

This turmoil of Prohibition has brought the scum to the surface. Men who are not mentally equipped to earn five dollars a week are living in houses rented from millionaires, and paying for them with real dollars.

"Scarface" Al Capone, king of Chicago's underworld, who would have been king of nowhere but for the "You mustn't" ban, has now taken his millions to prison for a rest. He says he is glad to be there. He finds prison peaceful.

Only the other day an innocent citizen, taking his wife and family out for the afternoon in his car, was shot dead by a Prohibition agent who wanted a little practice.

The agent searched the car and found no liquor in it; and then, like the gentleman he was, raised his hat, apologised to the wife for killing her husband and went away to try his luck elsewhere. A few hours later some thousands of people were trying hard to lynch him.

To Englishmen this all seems so fantastic that it might be an extravagant scene out of some feverish melodrama. But to the American it is very real. The best American opinion is perplexed but powerless.

And the country has spent £42,000,000 in enforcing Prohibition!

In England, luckily, we have nothing quite like this.

Our national temperament inclines to the comic rather than the tragic.

But it would be unwise to overlook our own problems just because they are lesser problems by comparison.

This business of calling attention to the muck-rake by holding it up on high is a problem quite serious enough to be going on with.

One up on the Bish

Publicity is one of the most potent factors in modern life. Would our censors be disturbed to know that their much-boomed banning of certain types of books and plays is helping to create a wide-spread demand for such things?

The Bishop of London has denounced Miss Gladys Cooper's new play, "The Sacred Flame," as the most immoral play ever produced in London.

Perhaps the bishop in his innocence imagines that now that he has said this the theatre will be empty. Some of us, who are not bishops, know better.

The result of any form of repression is beyond calculation. The result of bans of the "You mustn't" variety are often astounding.

It may seem, for instance, a small thing that we mustn't buy cigarettes across a counter after eight o'clock. But this ban brought into existence the cigarette slot machine, and now the idea has taken root we have machines to give us tea, coffee, butter, cakes, meat and almost everything, at any hour of the day or night.

How we're made

This particular ban was instituted for the benefit of overworked shop-assistants. It would be peculiar, to say the least of it, if it brought about the real Robot, the mechanical shop-assistant, and put all our flesh-and-blood shop-assistants out of work.

Progress is a matter of education rather than legislation. Tell us that over-indulgence in certain things is harmful, wrong and unhealthy, and before very long the cumulative effect of the instruction will begin to tell, and we'll be leaving these certain things alone.

But tell us flatly that we mustn't, and we'll take a chance.

We're made that way.

YOU MUST NOT LOOK!

A notice like this just makes Mr. MacDonald want to trespass

Miss Radc'yffe Hall. It wasn't "The Well of Loneliness" that made her famous, but its banning

5 for 10D

MAN TO MAN

Once a friend of Manikins—always a friend. The secret of their popularity lies in their unvarying goodness. Manikins *do not* change, neither do Manikin smokers. Manikins are both economical and enjoyable.

A welcome change from pipe or cigarette. Buy a packet now.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

REAL LIFE STORIES

by famous authors

". . . he saw James quite clearly, stretched on the bed; recognisably the man he knew, but horribly coarsened. . . ."

Illustrated by J. Greenup

Was it Karma?

Echoed Memories of an Earlier Life

by J. D. BERESFORD

IT is a truism to say that truth is stranger than fiction, for are not all the imaginings of the novelist and short-story writer taken directly or indirectly from life?

We cannot conceive anything that is outside human experience; all we can do is to recombine the facts. And in doing that your professional novelist is always a little restricted by the necessity to make his story credible.

But life takes no care to do that. If you don't believe me, read your morning paper more carefully and you will find on most days some account of coincidence, of human fallibility or of crime that the most daring fiction writer would hesitate to put in a novel.

I, for instance, would never dare to make the story of a most intimate acquaintance of mine the subject of a plot. It is too bizarre.

The story concerns his conversion. There were some people who thought he needed no conversion, for he was always a quiet, agreeable fellow, and if he made no more than £3 a week—this was long before the war—seemed to be devoid of ambition, and took no trouble to make new friends nor even to keep in with those he had already, he did no harm to anyone.

He was, in fact, so far as one could judge, the kind of well-meaning, rather idle young man, over fond of reading and shutting himself up in his own room, who drifts carelessly through life and ends at sixty or seventy precisely where he was at thirty.

But when he was twenty-eight Fate, who had overlooked him until then, turned her attention to him and completely changed his life. Her first effort was apparently negligible.

George (I will call him that) definitely dates his present career from a wet Sunday in June, 1901.

If it had been fine, he might still be the occupant of the bed-sitting-room he inhabited twenty-eight years ago. Some acquaintances in Chelsea had asked him to go to tea with them on that day, and he had made a bargain with himself that he would go if it were wet.

If it were fine, he meant to go for a long, solitary bicycle ride, a favourite diversion of his—he liked to moon and dream along country lanes, sit on gates and smoke, and imagine all those things that he had not the energy to undertake.

AND he considered that the plea of getting air and exercise would be sufficient to excuse him from going to see those acquaintances in Chelsea.

But Fate said "No," though I can hardly suppose that she influenced the weather on that particular afternoon solely to get George out of his idle habits. More probably he was but one little figure in the intricate scheme that was being woven.

The beginning of the change for George was simple and conventional enough. At that tea-party he met a woman who chose to annex him. She was a couple of years older than George, and her husband had recently deserted her.

GEORGE did not fall in love with her at first sight, but she interested him, and she meant—I have often wondered why—to make a prisoner of him.

Of course, she succeeded. He was a good fellow and she worked on his sense of pity. She had been ill-treated.

She could make herself appear a pathetic and tragic figure, and she kept him comfortably in hand until she had divorced her husband and was free to marry again. George was an honourable man and he did the right thing.

But that was only the beginning, and if that had been all, George would presently have reverted—he says so himself—and, despite this one startling episode, have failed to rise above his first level.

(*Continued on page 21.*)

Greys

STANDARD SIZE

As the famous actress said last Thursday . . .

"I'll give a testimonial to any cigarette concern so long as I don't have to give up Greys." Their mildness-plus-satisfaction does it.

Mild enough for anyone—and yet THEY GRATIFY

10 for 6d. - 20 for 1/-
Or Large Size 20 for 1/5

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.

corns

Like Peas Removed by Radox After all Else had Failed

Here is a marvellous record of corn removals! For over 60 years this writer was tormented by corns. His feet were riddled with them. Nothing would remove them. At last, in his seventieth year, he tried Radox. After he had put his feet into daily Radox footbaths the corns came out painlessly, root and all. Read this letter:

"I am 70 years of age, and have suffered a lot from corns ever since I was a child. In fact, I remember my father cutting one when I was a little lad. I had no less than 7 ever since, and it was like walking with hard peas in my boots. I tried pretty nearly everything advertised, but could not get rid of them, until I used your Radox, which removed every one and made quite a young man of me."

2nd May, 1929. E. H. G., Birmingham.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ½lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

"The Joy of Life"

"I feel it only my duty to others to let you know the benefits I have received from Kruschen Salts since my last baby was born. I used to get up every morning with a terrible headache; in fact, to put the whole thing in a nutshell, I was fit for nothing, and I had my other children to look after, so you may be able to guess what I suffered. My husband advised me to try Kruschen Salts, which I did, and I have never regretted it. I used to laugh at your adverts. as regards 'That Kruschen Feeling,' but I laugh now at the benefit I have received from your Salts. In fact, I give my children a small dose of Kruschen every morning, and they are much better for it. We all have that 'Kruschen Feeling' now."

(Mrs.) F. L., Northumberland.

7th May, 1929.

Kruschen quickly restores the liver and kidneys to their proper activity. Your eyes become brighter, colour returns to the cheeks, every function of the body is performed more efficiently. Kruschen Salts make you fit and keep you fit.

Tasteless in Tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

"WAS IT KARMA?"

(Continued from page 22)

For though the woman he married was ambitious and, I'm afraid, a persistent "nagger," she failed to arouse him. She got him to leave the office in which he had been employed for eight years and go into life insurance, but he very soon made a terrible mess of that.

And it seems that his wife's perpetual goadings and reproaches only had the effect of making him feel more hopeless and depressed.

But if we try to put a more subtle interpretation on the interference of Fate in this story, we are led to infer that this wife of his was nothing but a subsidiary agent.

FOR from the very beginning of his acquaintance with her, another and far more important figure began to loom on George's horizon—this time the figure of a man.

He heard of him from the woman he was going to marry, the second time they met: and had every reason to be jealous. For not only did she confess that she had been in love with this man, but she spoke of him continually, praising his intellectual abilities and his physical beauty.

Now, any intelligent novelist would picture George in those conditions as full of resentment against this paragon who had, according to the account he was receiving, so many admirable qualities and attractions that he himself lacked.

That attitude would have been obvious and natural. But, instead, he could never hear enough of him, and was immensely eager to meet him.

But three years were to elapse before that meeting became possible. The unknown—I will call him James—was in South Africa at that time, went on from there to America and did not return to England until some months after George was married.

And, even then, there was no kind of friendship between the two men for another twelve months.

In that interval they met only twice, for, although George was so eager to know James, the feeling was not returned. So far from that, indeed, that James, as he admitted later, did his very best to avoid knowing George.

Yet at the third meeting they suddenly became friends, very dear friends, and for the next four years were almost inseparable. Fate had them in her grip and was surely intent on her own purpose.

Now, it may be urged that there is nothing very queer about this story so far as it has gone. It is true that George's life was completely changed by the accident of a wet day.

But most of us can trace some small incident in our past that appears afterwards to have had a great influence on our careers.

What is queer in what follows, however, is the strong suggestion of powerful psychic powers working behind the developments of human life.

James, who was a man of great intelligence and unusual personality, sometimes showed belief in such powers.

He had periods of strange intuition—he had a strong vein of genius—in which he sought to find a meaning for life in such creeds as theosophy; and then his intellect would revolt and he would for a time be a frank materialist.

And one of the chief causes of his revolt in these four years was his friendship with George.

For James believed that he had some peculiar responsibility for this particular friend of his, and he resented it because he was a great egotist and it seemed to him that this responsibility of his put him in an inferior position.

If he accepted that belief he had also to believe that in this life George was the important person and himself little more than an agent for his glorification.

You have heard, no doubt, of the Buddhist and Theosophist doctrine of Karma, which teaches that we suffer in one life for the sins of the last, or, on the other hand, are rewarded as a compensation for previous sufferings?

Well, in his brooding periods, James believed that in some earlier life he had injured George and that his "Karma" in this life was to compensate him for the old evil.

And altogether, apart from a certain strange vision and its explanation, which I will presently describe, there seems to have been a very unusual relationship between these two men.

James, naturally enough perhaps, was always the mentor. He was oddly concerned for George's actions. He could not bear him to do a mean thing, and in matters of morals he was far more sensitive on George's account than on his own.

Sometimes, indeed, George refused to follow his friend's counsel, but he never resented it.

Another odd thing was that the friendship broke as suddenly as it had begun, and that within a week or two after George had, through James, met the woman who was to lead him on to success.

THIS meeting was again apparently an accident. George was separated from his first wife then (she died not long after), and at the very lowest ebb of his fortune, almost penniless in fact; and it was at James' suggestion that he went to live in a boarding-house in West Hampstead, which the one real woman of his life was then helping to run.

The separation of the two friends was due to an absurd quarrel, and although after a few months they made it up again, they were never afterwards able to recover the old relations.

There were periods when they saw one another frequently, and they often tried openly and anxiously to get back the old feeling. But it was never possible.

Now and again it seemed as if for a day or two they were as near friends as ever, but whereas in the old days they never criticised one another, now they were for ever getting on one another's nerves.

Another coincidence? Possibly. But there were so many, all helping in bringing about the same result: the saving of George.

And now for that strange vision—the one and only vision that George ever had. He had gone to call James, who had to catch a very early train to town at six o'clock one bright June morning in 1907—some ten months before the quarrel that separated them.

They were both staying at the same house in Norfolk, and as George always woke early in the morning he had promised to wake his friend.

He, himself, it may be noted, must have been very fully awake at the time, for he had quite a reasonable length of corridor to cover between the two rooms, and he was in a perfectly normal condition of mind and body when he opened the door of the room in which his friend was sleeping.

Yet, as he did so, he was suddenly

"... James was my friend, Arthur Keedwell James..."

oppressed by the strange and most unpleasant sensation of being a fawning, cringing creature, one of those mean and paltry souls who will feebly flatter their superiors in the hope of avoiding rebuke or punishment, and yet despise themselves as they do it.

And at the same instant he saw James quite clearly, stretched almost naked on the bed; recognisably the man he knew, but horribly coarsened, a grosser man altogether with a great unwieldy body, a mat of hair on his chest (James was a smooth man), and with his head shaved.

The impression cannot have lasted for more than a couple of seconds at most, but it was long enough for George to feel as if he had abruptly walked out of his present life into another and far less desirable one.

He and James often talked of that afterwards, but then the new hope came into George's life and James practically went out of it, and he certainly had not that vision in his mind when more than three years later James came to see him and his wife in their little flat one afternoon.

James, on that occasion, was in a mood of black depression. He was going through another of his brooding periods and getting no happiness out of it. And for a long time he would not say why he was, as he admitted himself to be, so peculiarly upset.

But at last he said that he had met a psychometrist that afternoon who had told him that she had a strong sense of one of his previous lives.

For the psychometrist had told James that in an earlier existence he had been a Jesuit priest and a torturer under the Spanish Inquisition, and George saw himself very clearly as the attendant who had waited upon him, fawning on the gross, cruel master of whom he went in mortal terror.

OTHER evidence, too, bore out the same conclusion. For instance, George had once met James by accident soon after the quarrel and had for a few moments suffered a very panic of fear of him, the kind of fear we feel in dreams.

There were other smaller things, too, all of them so convincingly explained by the supposition that those two men had been in that strange relation to one another in another life, and that James's penance, or some part of it, in this life was to serve the creature he had once terrorised.

James was killed in France in April, 1917, but George is still alive, a devoted father of a family and relatively a success.

Do you wonder, perhaps, how I come to know all these facts so intimately?

Well, I will tell you. I know them because I am George, and James was my friend, Arthur Keedwell James, better known on the stage and as a poet by his adopted name of Arthur Scott Craven.

SIR MAX PEMBERTON,

the author of next week's true story:

"The Mayor and The Sailor"

Where beauty begins

¶ *Clear, green water in the porcelain bath! Deep water that covers you. Water as fragrant as flowers; soothing as sleep, endearing as the touch of a baby's hands.*

To lie and just be lapped about, while your skin is made silky and supple and all the fatigue and fretfulness of the day are washed away. And this luxury can be yours this very night! A Reckitt's Bath Cube softens the water. It turns hard water into water which is smooth, satiny and exquisitely soft.

RECKITT'S bath cubes

2d. EACH *or in cartons of* SIX *cubes for* 1/-

¶ALL GROCERS AND STORES SELL THEM IN FOUR PERFUMES
*Lily of the Valley * Lavender * Verbena & Essence of Flowers*
RECKITT & SONS, LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON

THE CYCLE SENSATION OF THE YEAR!

The new

Hercules cycle

with CHROMIUM PLATING

at the astoundingly low price of **£4-9-9**

LADIES MODEL £4-19-9
(Prices apply to England and Wales only)

EASY PAYMENTS 9/- secures either model

SEE WHAT YOU GET!

HANDLEBARS, BRAKE RODS, SEAT PILLAR, RIMS, LAMP BRACKET, LOCK RING, CROWN } CHROMIUM PLATED.
OTHER PARTS OF MACHINE—Coslettised and Enamelled Black.
FINISH—The usual Hercules Super Finish with Red Lining.
TYRES, SADDLE and RIMS by DUNLOP.

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Made and guaranteed by the world's largest cycle manufacturers. The greatest achievement in modern cycle construction. See it at your local dealer's. Note the Price! You cannot equal it anywhere.

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THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., BRITANNIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

C.F.H. 14

Company Meeting.

HOVIS, LIMITED.

BUSINESS WELL MAINTAINED.

The Ordinary General Meeting of Hovis, Ltd., was held on June 18th, at Caxton Hall, Westminster.

Mr. A. H. Dence (the chairman) in dealing with the accounts, said it was proposed to add £25,000 to the reserve, bringing it up to £290,000. The balance available for distribution this year was £3,300 more than for the previous year, and if the shareholders adopted the proposals placed before them the carry forward would show a pleasing increase.

Their business had been well maintained during the past twelve months, but had not shown that forward progress that the board would like to have seen. This could be traced partly to the gloom and depression that had been general in trade throughout the country, and partly to the rather disquieting fact that the public collectively were eating less bread. This was a very serious matter. Men, women, and children must eat to maintain life, and wheat bread was the cheapest, healthiest, and most nourishing and body-building form of food. The ideal food for all children, and for working men and women was the Golden Brown Hovis Loaf. A meal composed of Hovis bread, pure butter and a tomato, or a piece of cheese, provided all the nourishing and stimulating qualities necessary to the brain and muscles and nerves of our bodies, and to enable us to carry on in perfect health the functions of life.

The report and accounts, and the proposed dividend, were approved.

6/- *This is by far the biggest step in price-reduction since the War. Better value than ever*

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THE "GRAVES" "ROYAL SLEUTH" CYCLE SINGLE-SPEED MODEL is a genuine 'thoroughbred' at a price never previously attempted. From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit

GRAVES SUPREME VALUE.
DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.
RENOLD CHAIN, HALF-INCH PITCH.

Pump Tool Bag. Spanners Oilcan. Frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price, Carriage Paid. **£4:10:0**

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 6/- now & complete purchase in 14 monthly payments of 6/-

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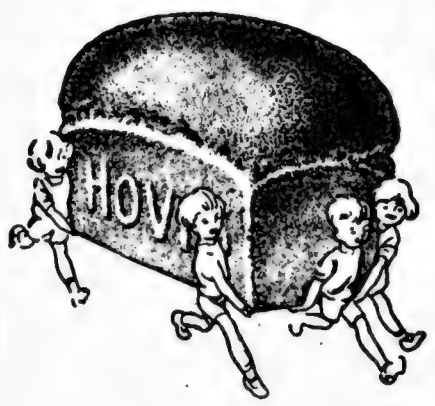

Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them

HŌVIS

Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

Mentholatum for SKIN AILMENTS

Snores from the BORED *of* TRADE

Mr. Graham should lay this ghastly Blue Bird —of unhappiness

Mr. Justice Maugham has criticised the Blue Bird and its long delayed accounts

But Mr. Graham must wake it

MOST of our readers are aware of the part played by JOHN BULL in denouncing the appalling loopholes in the old Companies Act, with the ultimate result of securing an investigation by a special committee of enquiry, which sat under the chairmanship of Mr. Wilfred Greene, K.C.

Yet, in spite of our achievements in this direction, there is still cause for dissatisfaction.

Although the recommendations of Mr. Wilfred Greene's committee were stringent, hundreds of thousands of pounds are still lost yearly through the operations of companies which insolently defy the new Act.

Flagrant breaches of the law regarding the holding of statutory meetings and the filing of statutory returns can be discovered at the Companies Registration Department at Somerset House by the thousand.

But they so constantly pass unchecked by the officials of the Board of Trade that action is seldom taken against the offenders.

The investors involved are mostly widows, spinsters, clergymen, and other people who are completely ignorant of the legal right they have to such vital information.

Yet the law on the subject is comprehensive and adequate. The trouble is that it is rarely applied by the Board of Trade.

Each delinquent secretary and director of a company guilty of non-compliance with the law concerning the making of statutory returns is liable to a fine of £5 a day for the whole period of default.

Official failure

It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of pounds are lost to the revenue yearly by official failure to enforce this provision of the Act.

We cannot cite a more illuminating illustration of this scandal than that afforded by the *débâcle* of the "Blue Bird" group of five companies which, since 1924, has obtained from between one and two millions sterling from the investing public.

Not one of these five companies ever properly complied with the Companies Act until forced to do so by certain shareholders.

These men, realising their legal right to information, applied to the High Court for an order to compel the defaulting directors to comply with the law.

Let us examine the position in connection with the first "Blue Bird" Company, formed in 1924.

It issued one balance-sheet and held one statutory meeting in 1925, and thereafter held its peace.

Its principal assets were parted with by the directors without the knowledge of the shareholders, who, as the years passed, could obtain no authentic information as to the true position.

The Board of Trade, which had power to deal with the directors from 1925 onwards, did not intervene. The fact that it thus neglected to enforce the Act is abundantly clear from the following points:

Under section 64 the penalty for failing to hold a general meeting every year is a fine not exceeding £50.

Legal audits

Another section provides for the election of an auditor at each annual meeting, while a third requires the production of a balance-sheet at least once in every year, duly audited and giving such particulars as will disclose the general nature of the company's liabilities and assets.

Finally, under section 109, the Board of Trade is empowered to appoint inspectors to investigate the affairs of any company should need arise.

Although the first Blue Bird company has defied these laws since May, 1925, the Board of Trade has never moved against it.

Four further companies were formed and, after obtaining gigantic sums from the public, these followed the example set by their predecessor and completely ignored the Act.

Finally, when the court recently ordered the winding-up of one of the later Blue Bird concerns, it was found that in this one company alone practically the whole of £280,000 raised had been spent by the directors in complete contravention of the objects for which it was subscribed.

If the Board of Trade had acted in 1925, the position of many of the Blue Bird shareholders might be vastly different today.

Even when a company is forced into bankruptcy and is wound up by the court, the files at Somerset House give no information as to the assets or liabilities. And when an interested party applies to the Official Receiver for such information he is told that he can only obtain it if he is a creditor.

Another example of Board of Trade apathy is afforded by the case of J. Marsden Firth, who, following repeated exposures in JOHN BULL, has at last been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Firth was a company promoter of the worst type. He obtained thousands of pounds from investors in worthless companies—concerns which the least official enquiry would have shown to be conceived in fraud.

In one instance, indeed, the directors were given as himself and several other people of the same surname—not one of whom existed as far as the company was concerned.

Yet the Board of Trade let him form company after company untouched, and lift more than £15,000 from misguided clients.

We have before us a letter from the Director of Public Prosecutions, who states that the prosecution of culprits under the Companies Act is not part of the duty of his department.

Nor is the extraordinary laxity in this matter attributable to the Registrar of Companies.

Our investigations show that this official and his staff submit reports regarding defaulters with conscientious regularity to the Board of Trade. If these reports were promptly acted on the evil would soon be eradicated.

Board of Trade sleeps

The fault lies solely with the Board of Trade. It receives and pigeon-holes reports as a mere matter of form.

Its attitude, apparently, is that it will only institute enquiries when it has received a complaint from a shareholder.

It omits to consider the fact that most of the shareholders, who suffer by the department's sustained inaction, are wholly ignorant of their rights.

We commend these vital points to the consideration of the new President of the Board of Trade, the Rt. Hon. W. Graham.

WOMEN LEADING!

FIFTEEN competitors have shared £2,500 in the last five JOHN BULL Crossword Competitions, and eight of these were women. Three readers are to divide the £500 in Competition No. 15, of whom Mr. A. Bishop, The Lodge, Havenfields, Great Missenden, is the only man.

There is no class or sex distinction in JOHN BULL Crosswords. Turn to the simple puzzle on page 36, and join the happy band of winners.

Seconds saved—

minutes gained!

In the morning, when every minute counts, Colgate's Shaving Stick is the friend of man!

One rub of Colgate's, a whisk of the brush, and you have a foaming mass of lather—a lather that carries away the oily film which covers each hair and lets the thousands of tiny Colgate bubbles soak deep down into the roots.

This Colgate small-bubble lather saturates each hair of the beard and holds it erect for the razor—no drag, no sting or smart—a real good shave smoothly and quickly.

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THE BEST SHOW OF THE WEEK

REMARKABLE MACKINTOSH OFFER for 1/- DOWN

Dear Madam,

This Mackintosh although low in price is very good in quality and will give excellent service. Well made, double breasted with deep storm collar and cuffs, taped seams and belt and deep pockets. WILL NOT ALLOW THE WET TO COME THROUGH, in :— Navy and Fawn—Ladies' and Gent's— Price - 19/11. Children's - 15/11. Send me 1/- and agree to pay 4/- per month (no further payment until you have had the mack. one month). Also let me know the height, chest measure and colour required.

YOURS TRULY, John Blanford

MY Signature YOUR Safeguard

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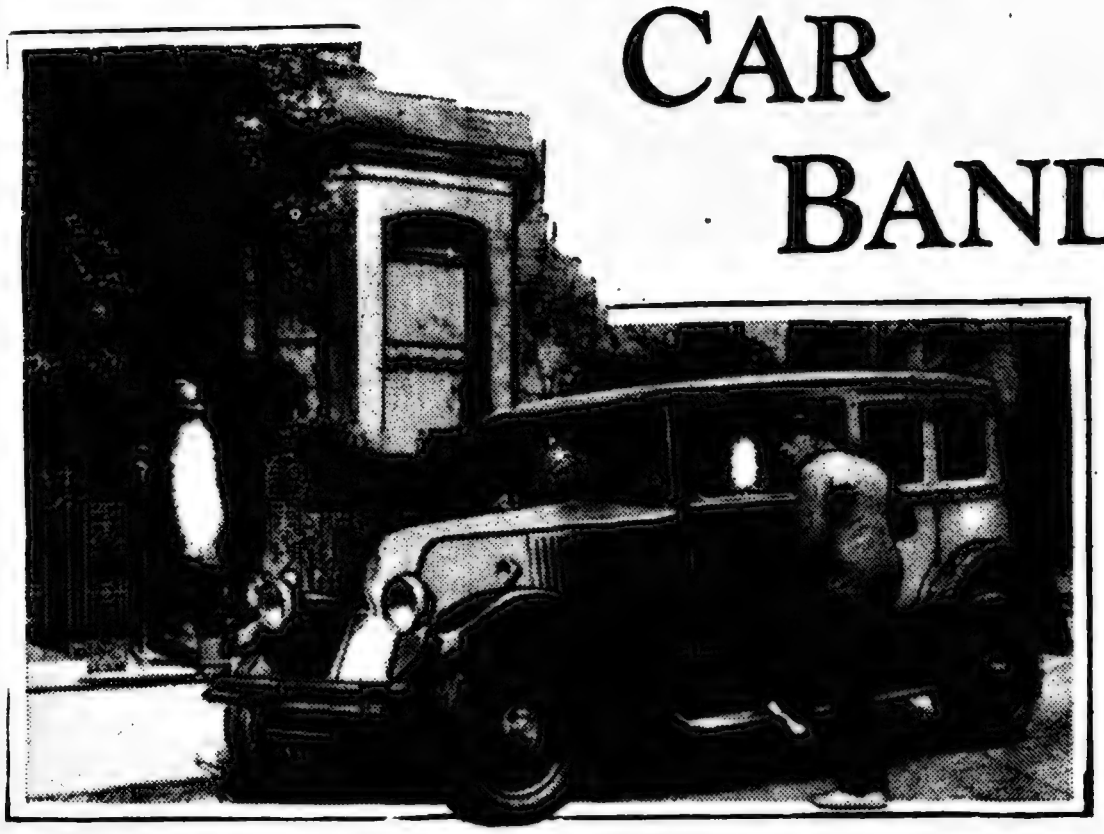
A DAY OUT *with the* CAR BANDITS



Watching for danger while the gang sets to work on a "crib"

IT is in quiet taverns and small, ambiguous clubs that the motor bandits are to be found when off duty.

No flaunting buccaneers of the road are these men who outwit all the efforts of the police by their use of swift cars, but well-dressed, respectable-seeming youths. Seldom are they brought to book unless taken in the act, or subsequently identified by clues that they have inadvertently left behind.

Once they have seized their booty and set off, pursuit by police car is almost invariably futile.

Let us imagine that a gang of "drummers" — as the underworld knows them—is ready to start out on an afternoon's work.

Gangs of four

There will be four of them, or at the most five, each one with his especial part to play—the screwsman, or cracksman, to open safes and locks; the driver; another skilled mechanic who is prepared to be dropped with the swag at the first opportunity in case of pursuit, and finally the "chatter," whose business will appear later.

The bandit finds it prudent to use a fresh car on every foray, and in this he is helped by the carelessness of car owners. It is easy to steal a car, which, as it is only used once, does not become identified as the property of any particular gang.

The gang, then, having "borrowed" the best car on which it can lay its hands, sets out for the chosen scene of operations.

An itinerary has been mapped out, covering all the houses in a certain area that are known to be empty at stated times.

The "chatter" chats

Soon the first of these comes into sight. The car pulls up, and the "chatter," a well-spoken young man, goes quite openly to the front door and rings the bell. Should anyone answer, he is ready with a courteous apology and an enquiry as to his right road.

If no one appears he goes round to the back, satisfies himself that the house is empty, and calls to his companions "House dead."

Two of them join him, leaving the driver to signal the approach of danger by a prearranged number of blasts on the horn.

They enter the house by the door or window, go straight up to the bedrooms, which they rifle, take a quick glance through every room in search of easily portable valuables, put their booty in the suit-case that they have brought with them, and stroll nonchalantly back to the car to drive to the next "crib."

Quick get-aways

Things do not always go so smoothly for the "drummers."

Sometimes there comes the dreaded, insistent note of the electric horn, galvanising them at once to a furious activity.

The plunder is swept into the suit-case by one man, another cuts the telephone wires, and the third peeps cautiously out of the windows to ascertain the nature and imminence of the danger.

If this is pressing, they rush for the car; if not, they hurry from the back of the house and run across country to the nearest station or 'bus route, by which time the driver has endeavoured to escape as best he can.

None of the well-organised gangs carries weapons on these expeditions. They will only receive heavier sentences if they should be caught armed.

Moreover, they all implicitly believe that, in the case of a killing, the police would manage to obtain the conviction of any one of the gang, irrespective of guilt, in order to prevent another unsolved murder case.

These men talk the peculiar crook slang, which, though simple, is unintelligible to the uninitiated.

For instance, in describing a "job," one of them might say: "It was no go the roar-no-more, that crib, so we caned the front burnt. It was no pinner below and rory was apples and pears, so we jerked it into the lardy and screwed it in the country."

This is, being interpreted: "It was no use trying the door of that house, so we used the jemmy on the front window. There was nothing on the ground floor, and the safe was upstairs, so we carried it downstairs on a chair, put it in the car and burst it open in the country."

So much for the "drummers." The activities of smash-and-grab raiders are too well known through the daily Press to need comment, save that they seem to enjoy an even greater immunity from capture.

From the criminal's point of view, now, is the game really worth the candle?

The answer is, that from the standpoint of the youth with a naturally criminal bent, who would otherwise be making perhaps £2 a week in a garage, it was, until recently, well worth his while, for he might average anything up to £10 a week.

Far too clever

The fact that he might also average a third of his time in prison is counterbalanced by the deep conviction of the average criminal that he is far too clever ever to be caught again.

Nowadays, however, the glut of motor-bandits has so flooded the market with stolen goods that the "fences" offer prices that make it difficult even to earn a living.

Also, the constitutional improvidence of the criminal classes forbids them ever to save money. After a good haul the "drummer" will invariably "snide a lardy and a couple of brass nails (girls), and take a butcher (look, from 'butcher's hook') round the swell boozers" with a friend.

This evil can never be efficiently dealt with by any system of police cars or barriers. The only cure is to inflict exemplary penalties on all motor-bandits captured, thus making it definitely not worth their while to take the risk.

Severe cure

It must be realised that this class of criminal is recruited from the ranks of those who are well qualified to earn their livings as mechanics and factory hands, and if the penalty for breaking the law is made sufficiently severe they will be intelligent enough to return to the sober paths of honesty.

Some DONT'S *about* FIRE

Airing Clothes

DON'T put clothes to air too near the fire and then go upstairs and forget all about them. You may return to find them scorching—you may also find that a scorch has become a raging fire which is licking up your home.

Many benefits paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance are due to fires caused by placing clothes too near the flames.

Guard against this risk by taking every reasonable precaution, and also, in case of accidents, be sure that you are a registered reader of JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL covers you against fire up to £400.

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Platignum Pens are guaranteed to give each user 100 per cent. writing satisfaction. There is no qualification to their absolute efficiency. Each pen must "pass muster" before it leaves the factory. Each is tested to remove the slightest fault that might in time mar its perfection. No pen is passed that will not stand tests applied to pens that cost many times the 1/3 you pay for your Platignum.

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Get yours today *Six models —— all at* **1/3**

with nibs to suit all hands, Fine, Medium, Broad, Oblique or A.1. Standard

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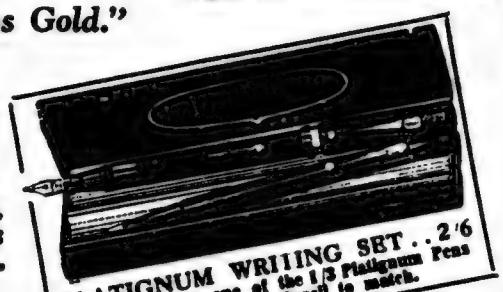

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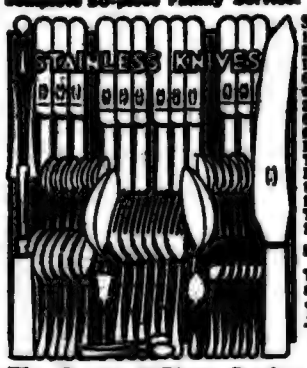
Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, Sheer Steel Carvers, Colombian Silver Spoons & Forks, comprising a complete 50-piece Family Service.



Service contains: 1 pr Double Sheer Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pair Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon.

50 PIECES 48/-

TERMS: 4/- now, and 4/- monthly.

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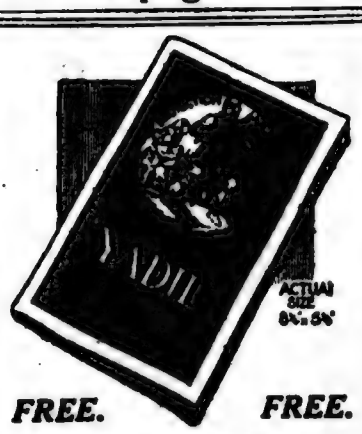

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VISITOR TO DEVONSHIRE FARM: That's a nice herd of cows.

FARMER FRIEND: Yes, one of the best in the country. Takes a long time to get together a lot like this.

VISITOR (*pointing to cow*): Isn't that a "Jersey"?

F. F.: Yes; they give the richest milk. We always keep several in the herd; that's to ensure the Cream being maintained at a high level. We farm scientifically.

VISITOR: Do you make Devonshire Clotted Cream here?

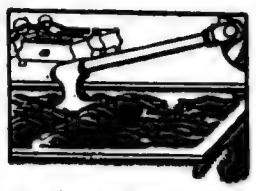
F. F.: No; our Milk is all booked for the Ambrosia Factory. We don't sell any to milkmen. Ours is the finest grade Milk.

VISITOR: I know Ambrosia Milk Chocolate. No wonder it is so sustaining. It does not make you thirsty even if you eat quite a lot. It has a distinct flavour and is so smooth to the palate.

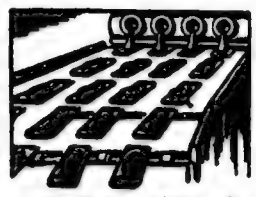
F. F.: Yes, and it is the ONLY Milk Chocolate containing Ambrosia—Devonshire's best full Cream Milk. Have you ever been over the Factory where Ambrosia is produced? It is well worth a visit.

Remember: Saturday is Ambrosia Day. Buy a Chubby Bar (price 6d.) for the Children. The ½ lb. Block is a feast for a party. Take Ambrosia with you in the Car—to the picnic—tennis—walking—but don't forget the Chubby Bar for the Children.

There's a pleasant surprise in every packet!



A giant arm and rollers moving to and fro ceaselessly, day and night.



Automatically weighing the Chocolate into moulds.

Wrapping the finished Chocolate.

Bird's-eye view of the Ambrosia Chocolate Works.

The Scientific Process, and the complicated machinery, by which Ambrosia Milk Chocolate is produced is truly wonderful. It is a fascinating sight.

Selected whole Cocoa Beans are first carefully roasted in jacketed ovens, after which they are "nibbed" or broken into small pieces. Great Winnowing Machines withdraw all particles of shell and at the same time separate the nibs into as many different sizes as required. These nibs are then transferred to huge covered-in Grinding Stones heated to over ninety degrees. At various stages of the grinding, pulverised sugar and Ambrosia—Devonshire's best full cream Milk—join the ground Cocoa Bean Nibs. Precisely this combination passes through special machines which "flake" it. Even this does not make it smooth enough, so it passes on to still further machines, which are heated to just the right temperature, known as Conching Machines. These machines have a giant arm and rollers that move to and fro ceaselessly day and night. When the conching or spinning, which is to get that delightful mellowness and smoothness, is complete, the Milk Chocolate as it has now become is poured into Moulds. Just the exact quantity goes into each Mould whether it be for a Chubby Bar costing 6d. or a half-pound Block to cost 1s. 2d. This exact weight is the result of automatic adjustment, so that always the eater must get the full weight in every packet of chocolate.

The moulds next pass to Vibrating Tables which evenly distribute the Chocolate to the exact width, length and depth.

And although all this preparation and process has been going on for nearly forty-eight hours, yet the Chocolate has not been touched by hands!

Each Chocolate Block now leaves its mould and travels on an endless band to more machinery, which Wraps it in silver foil, adds one of the "Glories of Devonshire" Illustrated Cards, and then finally clothes it in the familiar outer Wrapper.

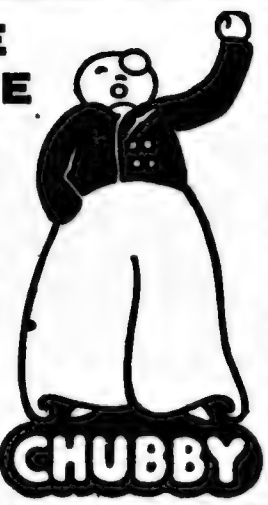
Although all this work is the result of complicated Scientific Machinery, thousands of happy young women and girls are employed in the Factory, which is ideally situated, with the firm's Playing Fields and Sports Grounds adjoining.

Ambrosia
BRITAIN'S BEST MILK CHOCOLATE

READ THE GUARANTEE

Buy a ½-lb. Block, price 1/2; or a Chubby Bar, price 6d. Eat half; if you are not delighted send back the other half direct to James Pascall, Ltd., London, S.E.1, who will refund the full price Paid and the Postage.

Chubby Bars, 6d.
½-lb. Block, 1/2.



Better in *every* way; made from selected Cocoa Nibs, and guaranteed absolutely pure; is the only Chocolate made with Ambrosia—Devonshire's best full-cream Milk; is mellow and smooth, and does not create thirst; allays hunger and is easily assimilated; possesses high nutritive qualities and is recommended as especially suitable for Children.

FOUR KINDS: Plain Milk; or with Toasted Almonds; or Nut Brazil; or Almonds and Raisins.

W.G.H. *Ambrosia is made by* Pascall *therefore the BEST that can be made. Sold by nearly all good Confectionrs.*

If you want the BEST CUSTARD—say Foster Clark's please!

FREE!

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ONE-DAY-A-MONTH Daddy

Grim Barnhill, where hearts are broken by the score

IN dozens of little homes in the working-class districts of Glasgow to-day, weary and anxious mothers are struggling to support themselves and their children on their meagre Poor-law relief, while the fathers are compelled to stay in the city poorhouse, powerless to help.

These mothers have to bear the burden of the home on their own shoulders; but once a month their husbands are allowed out on a fleeting visit.

That is a red-letter day in these little homes in Anderston, Bridgeton, Calton, Parkhead—districts where the scourge of unemployment is at its worst.

The children look forward to that day of homecoming.

In a school in Bridgeton, two little tots surprised their teacher by asking to be allowed home early one day. "It's daddy's day out of the poorhouse," they exclaimed with childish naïvete.

That incident is not unique. There have been similar requests in other schools.

This extraordinary state of affairs has been in existence for some time, but it is only recently that it has been discussed. Now several parish councillors are urging that the whole system of the administration of poor relief in the city should be reorganised.

Grim hardship

These councillors are not actuated merely by sentimental consideration.

It is nearly always a great hardship for the father of a family to be sent to the poorhouse.

The mother is left with 15s. or 17s. a week for herself and 2s. a week for each child. Out of that she must pay her rent and feed and clothe her children and herself.

The father in Barnhill Poorhouse does not get a penny during his stay there. And these men are sentenced—"sentenced" is not too harsh a word to use, for when the official decree is made they cannot resist it—for the offence of being out of work.

They are sent to Barnhill in the first instance for a stretch of thirteen weeks. Then they are given six weeks at home to look for a job. But if they are not successful in finding one, they go back for another thirteen weeks.

Since June, 1928, 1,965 able-bodied men have been sent to one poorhouse.

Champion McGovern

Parish Councillor McGovern, who is urging an investigation into what he describes as "a scandalous state of affairs," declares that at the moment there are 400 fathers of families at Barnhill.

Mr. McGovern, of course, has access to the figures. But the poorhouse officials declare that the number is only 128. But, even on the latter figure, it means that there are 128 homes in Glasgow—fatherless.

When the scandal of the monthly day-out was brought to the notice of the acting governor of Barnhill, he pointed out that there were two visiting-days a week on which relatives could come to see the unfortunate inmates.

We like Council'lor McGovern. He champions these broken men

"It is too tragic for words," Mr. McGovern declares. "Imagine any father having to meet his children in such surroundings."

Barnhill is not the place to which a wise mother would take her children.

A great, gloomy, stone building in one of the blackest quarters of the city, it has an atmosphere of depression.

As you go up the main drive, you see inmates in the drab regulation clothes, working in the grounds under the supervision of attendants.

Inside, it is a place of bare corridors and dormitories, where the respectable men, down on their luck, have to mingle with the wrecks of the city.

Arbitrary officials

Any father, virtually a prisoner, would flinch to face his children there. The children do not go; that is why that monthly day out is looked forward to so eagerly.

These fathers are sent to Barnhill because, according to authority, they have not been genuinely seeking work.

The edicts are issued arbitrarily by the officials, who pass hundreds of cases through their hands in the course of a week.

There may be cases where men, dispirited after weeks of vain searching for jobs, have relaxed in their efforts.

Very often the men have been the victims of sheer misfortune. Councillor McGovern has told us of many such cases which have been brought to his personal notice.

There was Ramsey, a married man with two children, belonging to Tollcross.

He worked for nineteen months with a Glasgow east-end manufacturer. And then, after being off for two days with a bad cold, he was dismissed. He had no doctor's certificate to show.

He was disallowed at the exchange for six weeks' unemployment benefit, and when he applied for outdoor relief the Poor-law authorities sent him to Barnhill

Even more unfortunate was David Wilson, of Bridgeton. He owned a lorry and managed to struggle along, selling coal and fruit.

But ready-money is scarce in Bridgeton; and, through being too generous with credit, he eventually had to sell his lorry.

When he applied for parish relief, he, too, was doomed to Barnhill; while his wife and child were left to manage as best they could on 19s. a week.

Sack and sickness

Bell, a Parkhead man, is probably the most unfortunate of all the fathers who have been sent to Barnhill.

An engineer by trade, he worked for two years in a well-known "shop."

One of his children fell ill; and for several nights he sat up all night by his bedside.

The strain was tremendous, and it is understandable that during that period he was late for his work three times in one week.

Trade is slack, and they have no room for sentiment in the engineering world. So Bell was sacked.

When finally he was put on to the parish, his story was listened to with scant sympathy. His plea that he had a wife, two children and a sister to look after was of no avail.

Off to Barnhill he went.

John Canning's offence was to gather charcoal from a refuse-bin, once a week, to provide a fire in the Parkhead home where he lived with his wife and four children.

The parish authorities heard of this weekly enterprise. If he had time to gather coal, they argued, he had time to look for a job. He joined the company at Barnhill.

David Percy lost his job for swearing. When the parish learned of his misdemeanour he was sent to Barnhill for six weeks, leaving his aged mother alone.

Barnhill is a dread threat continually hanging over every man on parish relief. When its materialisation seems imminent the men do everything in their power to put off the evil day.

Heartbreaking

"It is the most heartbreaking work one could undertake, attempting to get concessions from officials," says Mr. McGovern.

"I sit twice a week for three hours listening to grievances of wives who are seeking the return of their husbands, or men and women who are pleading to be kept out of Barnhill.

"Wives ask me to get their husbands out for their confinements or during illness. That can sometimes be managed, but the men must return within a day or two.

"But only in exceptional circumstances can we get the men out at all.

"The only solution at present would be a few barrels of petrol and a match, and the horrible nightmare of Barnhill would be no longer a blot on Scotland."

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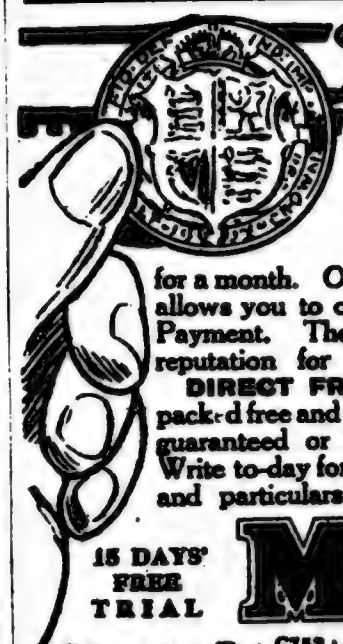

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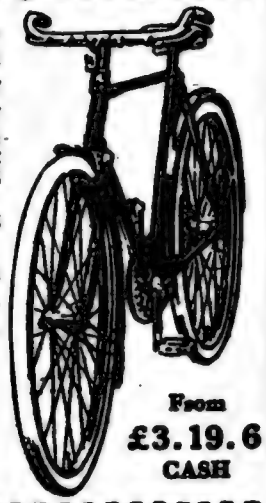

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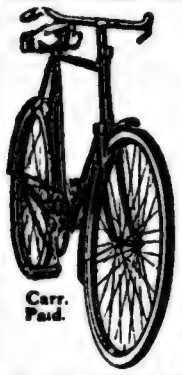

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

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THREE years ago I married a widower with two children. Although he was sixteen years older than myself, I fully intended to be a good wife to him and a real mother to his children.

Unhappily, I never got a chance to be either. Within a fortnight of our wedding my husband was coming home drunk night after night, ill-treating me and behaving so much like a madman that I was afraid of him.

One day, after he had thrashed me, I left him.

I took up my former occupation of domestic servant, but was forced to leave my place to go to hospital while my baby was born. At the end of four weeks my baby was with my mother and I was back in service.

But my confinement had weakened me; and much against my will I had to take my story to court to try to compel my husband to contribute.

The magistrate freely gave me a separation, ordering my husband to pay 10s. a week.

This so infuriated him that when he met me walking out with a girl friend he tried to choke me and tore the coat I wore from hem to shoulder.

I was advised to take out a summons against him for assault, and did so.

On the afternoon of the day before the case was to be heard, my husband lay in wait for me in a narrow passage near my home. He caught hold of me, shot at me, and then tried to cut my throat, leaving me for dead.

I had seventeen stitches in my neck, and to this day I carry pieces of metal in my head, as the doctors say the scraps are too near the brain to make it safe to operate.

My husband was tried at the assizes, found guilty of attempted murder, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

My life is ruined and I live my years in dread and fear of the moment of his release.

Yet, I am assured, I cannot divorce this man. Tell me if this horrible thing is true?

"HUMANIST" says: Yes, it is true, and another proof of the urgent need for divorce law reform.

You can, however, obtain a complete separation from this man and claim police protection should he again attempt to molest you.

When the Madman is Unfettered

TO PARADISE
by low-down methods

MY chance-made acquaintanceship with a middle-aged man rapidly ripened to intimate friendship, and for a month I was supremely happy.

Then the blow fell. He confessed that he was married to a woman he hated.

Only his love for his son, a boy of ten, he said, enabled him to stick it; yet his wife's religion was such that she would never divorce him.

Now he realised too late that I was the woman he should have married.

I cannot give him up. He is so fine in every way that I have clung to him through all. Now we are not merely friends, but lovers.

Must I continue in comparative loneliness, or shall I fall in with his latest suggestion to fly together to another land where we may find our earthly paradise?

"HUMANIST" says: Paradise is never gained by such methods as you propose. Your lover is a rotter. Remind him of his home responsibilities and the wife who is evidently too straight for him.

GIMCRACK MAN
fears for the future

AN out-of-work ex-Service man, I have solved my own unemployment problem. One day, I was in a general store waiting to be served when I picked up a clockwork engine from a basket of odds-and-ends.

"Ah," said the dealer, noticing me; "that's how shopkeepers lose so much; half their stock is damaged and rendered worthless in transit."

I borrowed a tool or two, and after ten minutes' fiddling with the toy, soon had it working as merrily as ever.

The dealer was delighted.

"I'll give you sixpence for every gimcrack you mend and revarnish into saleable condition," he offered.

I jumped at the chance, and steadily developed what I term my "Mendery." My stock-in-trade is a few tools, glue, varnish, enamels and gold paint.

My dealer friend recommended other shopkeepers to utilise my services.

But, although I have acquired such a professional knack that in one fortnight I turned £70 worth of dead stuff into saleable stock, with the result of £10 for my own pocket, there are other times when trade is nil.

This makes up my problem. Like other men, I wish to marry and establish a home, but dare I ask any girl to share so uncertain a future?

"HUMANIST" says: Yes, so long as you choose a girl of the same common-sense, hard-working temperament as yourself; for grit such as you possess, combined with the skill in your own fingers, make a better foundation for married happiness than the fortunes that come unsought.

DON QUIXOTE
of the shaving brush

ONE evening a young woman came to my hairdressing establishment with a request for work. She was very good at shingling and manicuring, she said.

At first I could not consent, for only a few days before I had engaged two young people and was well satisfied.

However, this girl was so pretty and so pitiful that I gave way.

In her search for work she had come down to her very last penny, and was actually in want of food. She begged me to give her a chance.

In the end I dismissed one of my other assistants and engaged this girl.

A little later I had to send my ailing wife for a prolonged stay at the seaside. Expenses began rapidly to pile up, so that it became imperative for me to reduce my staff.

Reluctantly I had to part with "my lady of misfortune."

Then, quite by accident, we met in the West End of London. She attached herself to me in the most unmistakable way, and would not leave me without my promise to take her back when business improved.

Back again in my employ, her manner changed strangely. She became so unduly and openly familiar that at last I felt compelled to give her notice for good and all.

Seeing that I meant it this time, the girl changed her tactics. To each customer she attended she told how badly she had been treated, and that her choice now lay between the streets and setting up in business for herself. But, she said, as she had no money to open an establishment, she would gladly attend customers at their own homes.

The ruse succeeded. She touched other sympathies as she touched mine, and is taking away custom to the great detriment of my business. What can I do to stop it?

"HUMANIST" says: Nothing. You are now paying for sacking one assistant for another you thought more attractive—an act of kindness similar to that of the boy who got up in the night to give his white mouse to the cat. Live it down—you can if you try.

Homely Wisdom — *By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

Out of the Deep

Lord Haldane

I HAVE just been reading the autobiography of the late Lord Haldane. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day, eminent in several ways.

Reading the story of his life, I see what a good man he was, how truly desirous of doing his best for his country and the world, apart altogether from any question of what advantage he might personally derive from his exertions.

But nothing in the book touched me so deeply as what he did in the case of Oscar Wilde.

Wilde had gone to prison for an offence against public morals of the most loathsome description, which rendered him an object of scorn and detestation to decent-minded people. The majority of his friends made haste to wash their hands of him, an attitude for which we cannot blame them in the circumstances.

HALDANE had not known Wilde well, but he knew enough of him to feel sure that he must be suffering hellish mental torture as the result of his sudden fall from the position of social favourite to that of the worst of common felons.

He went to see him in Holloway Jail, and found him, as he expected, thoroughly embittered and morose, hating everybody, himself most of all.

Wilde at first refused to utter a word in response to the visitor's greeting.

At length Haldane laid a hand kindly on the poor fellow's shoulder and told him he had never done the great literary work he had it in him to do, because he had made self-indulgence his god; now he had a great chance, for he had known a great tragedy.

Wilde burst into tears and asked for books and a pen. Years afterwards there came to Haldane "The Ballad of Reading Jail," the fruit of that interview.

NO fact is more worthy of remembrance than that here related. Haldane's firmly held view was that the difference between those who fall under the ban of human judgment and those who do not is not so very great and that the most degraded criminal is capable of high things.

There is a lesson for us all in the incident, and it may be put into Whittier's words:

"By all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou in rebuking evil
Conscious of thine own."

ALWAYS FRESH and VIGOROUS and Looking at One's Best

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Miss Gillian Lind, the beautiful and accomplished young actress appearing in "Why Drag In Marriage?" at the Strand Theatre London, writes:—

"I MUST emphasise how thoroughly Phosferine keeps one always fresh and vigorous, looking and working at one's best. When playing a rather tiring comedy part, there is such a tax on the nerves in endeavouring to gain just the right effects that you may be sure I am very glad of the wonderful assistance Phosferine gives in keeping up my health and spirits, so that I feel able always to play at the top of my form. Phosferine is by far the best means of rallying one's flagging energies, and maintaining youthful sparkle, as even if I should be a trifle jaded or depressed before the Show commences, I find a little Phosferine soon puts me quite all right, and I go through the performance satisfactorily and without strain. When I think of the many disabilities Phosferine saves me from, I cannot praise it too highly."

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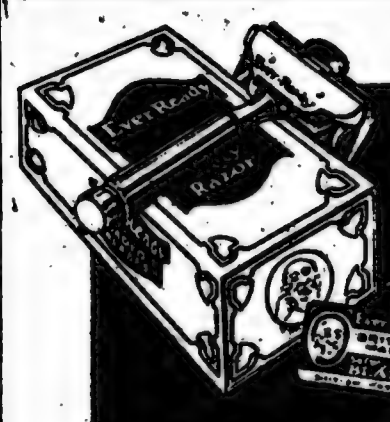
Mr. R. HAYNEL,
7, (J.B.), Ambrose Place, Worthing



A FREE GIFT

to users of

Pears' SHAVING SOAPS

By arrangement with the makers of the Ever-Ready Safety Razors, EVERY PURCHASER of a Pears' Shaving Stick or Speedishave Powder WILL BE PRESENTED WITH ONE FREE

EVER-READY RAZOR

with Two British Made Ever-Ready BLADES

GOLDEN STICK 1/3 SPEEDISHAVE 1/6 SILVER STICK 1/-

Buy ONE of the three—and the razor is free!

See this announcement in colour in your Dealer's window—he can supply you

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Douglas Stuart Ltd.

STEWARDS' CUP
ST. LEGER
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UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.

* * *

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT
on Singles, Doubles, Accumulators.

Write To-day
Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"... Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

SEND US YOUR LETTER BETS FOR ALL RACES.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE
(Dept. J.B.),
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with our rules.

NO LIMIT.
WIN OR PLACE ON ANY RACE

DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.

Have You Seen "THE CHALLENGER" Weekly Sporting Special?
If not, write for a copy. Sent Post Free.
(Mention "John Bull.")

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KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Our Letter Parliament

My MOTHER-*in*-LAW

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 2.

My Ideal Holiday

I got something of a shock when she declared my husband had been an adopted child, from gipsy parentage.

Enquiries revealed that my real mother-in-law was indeed a poor gipsy with a heart of gold, in which was locked a passionate mother-love.—"*Nomad.*" *Angus.*

Put Upon

The most ill-used person in the family is my mother-in-law. Daily do her daughters and "in-laws" descend upon her for a "cup of tea." Babies are laid on her beds, while older ones work havoc with sticky fingers and muddy boots.

Then the mothers go, leaving confusion behind. Seldom if ever is she asked to their houses in return. Utter thoughtlessness is the root cause of all the slights which she receives.

But through it all she utters no word of complaint; indeed, her aged face is good to look upon, so perfect is the content it expresses.—"*The Rebel,*" *Forth.*

She Cannot Criticise

I never could understand the perpetual joking about mothers-in-law. Mine is an angel! Friends tell me that I am a fortunate individual.

My mother-in-law is the most unobtrusive person I have ever known. She never forces her company upon us. She never interferes in our domestic affairs. She never advises, and she never criticises.

I repeat she is an angel—at least I hope so. She died when her daughter, my wife, was two years old. I have, for obvious reasons, forbidden my wife to attend any spiritualistic meetings.—*E. E., Penygraig.*

A Second Mother

Two soft brown eyes that are full of peace and gentleness; snowy hair curving back from a broad brow; constant pain borne with equally constant patience and courage; utter kindliness allied to a fighting spirit that would do battle with anything if the need arose—this is my mother-in-law.

She shows a dreadful tendency to "spoil" me, but she always spoils people, and her "little daughter" is no exception.

She is as interested in everyone's joys and sorrows as if they were her own. Nobody else could so adequately have replaced the mother I lost as a child.—*Muriel Tennant, Essex.*

An Arch-Fiend

My mother-in-law is a holy terror. She regards all men as spawn of Satan, and myself in particular as the arch-fiend. I drink too much, I smoke too much, or no one knows what I'm up to when I'm out.

Some time ago she quartered herself upon us, as "poor, dear Mildred" needed her support. She is now a fixture. Neither threats nor persuasion will move her, and our domestic tranquillity is a thing of the past.—*Sonny Boy, London.*

Nearly a Rival

My mother-in-law is a peach. She can beat me at cooking a dinner, can make me look a rabbit at tennis, can excel me in entertaining my husband.

I am thankful she is Jack's mother. Had she been otherwise, I should have looked on her as my most dangerous rival.—*M. W., Devon.*

She Goes in Time

Visiting my house every afternoon while I am at work, my mother-in-law always leaves at least ten minutes before my time to arrive home.

As I have a great affection for her, I asked her reason for not waiting to see me, and her reply was: "When a man has finished his day's work, he requires the company of his wife and children, and not her relations."—*W. Berriff, Willesden.*

Sneaking Fondness

When I was out of work, my mother-in-law said, "I could soon find a job if I were out of work." I sarcastically said, "Just the woman they want for the Labour Ministry." She began hunting for a job for me the next day.

It took her about six weeks of "foraging around," but she stuck it and found me my present job.

I have had more than a sneaking regard for her since.—*M. M. James, Yorks.*

* * *

Letters in Little

In the marriage market I drew two prizes, her son and herself.—*Cannibal Queen, Luton.*

When a man sniffs at his mother-in-law, he insults his wife.—*E. M. M., Manchester.*

I am thankful that her daughters—or, at any rate, the one I married—take after her.—"*Blackcoat,*" *Streatham, S.W.*

Having had eighteen children, ten of whom are married, my mother-in-law is much too busy to be really troublesome.—*J. H., Kent.*

I do feel sorry for my father-in-law, who is one of the best.—"*Nigger,*" *Hants.*

She can take an innocent statement and from that thread can splice a cable of mischief.—*Twice Bitten.*

It is my mother-in-law's birthday next month. She'll get a large pot of vanishing cream from me.—*J. B., Hamilton.*

She's great! She can cook splendidly, talk sensibly, crack a joke and mend the wireless with equal facility.—*Quite Satisfied, Sunderland.*

Many young married couples have a hatred of their mothers-in-law even before they are acquainted with them.—*W. G. Whyte, Linlithgow.*

She persuaded me that it would cost less to keep a mother-in-law than a maid. But it doesn't. Besides, you can get rid of the latter.—*H. J. R., London.*

Her only pleasure in reading is got by her perusal of the "Deaths" column; and her chief subject of conversation can be summarised in two words—diseases and deceases.—*Smiler, Durham.*

At the Jail Gates

A little, frail old lady, with a heart so big that she has been mother, father and friend to me throughout periods of unemployment, sickness, and when I came under the stern rigours of the law.

I served six months in jail, and when I came out, expecting my wife to have gone to her mother, I found her mother had come to her.

She had drawn out her money at the bank to set me on my feet again, and her "Make a fresh start, lad," was her only comment on my criminal folly. Small wonder that I worship her.—"*A Grateful Son-in-Law,*" *Aston.*

A Freezer

Compelled for years by hard circumstances to practise mean economies, my mother-in-law regards our higher standard of living as indulgence and extravagance. She never accuses us directly, but her disapproval freezes us into a state of misery.

The old lady cannot realise that a higher standard of living, beautiful furniture and pictures, concerts, longer holidays constitute true progress, making for finer minds and bodies.

And our motto, "What is good enough for our fathers shall not be good enough for us or our children," appears to her almost like blasphemy.—"*Progress,*" *London.*

Gipsy Love

While serving as maid to a wealthy widow I was courted and secretly wed by her son, an only child, who died shortly afterwards from wounds received in action.

On his death-bed my husband begged me, for our baby's sake, to tell his mother everything and ask her forgiveness.

She proved merciless and austere, and

Race with "Silver Ring"

"... *how he must dislike*"

DON'T BE *Systematic*

DURING the course of a week I receive many letters dealing with the subject of systems. I have studied a vast number of them in my time and not one has proved a winner.

Systems, where applied to racing, are easy roads to sad reflections; they may have a winning streak, but the losing run inevitably comes, and, when it does, stays a long time.

To all my correspondents I offer the opinion that the backing of horses on a preconceived, systematic plan is foolishness; and it should be noted that, with few exceptions, most systems entail too many selections on which to bet.

What you lose on the roundabouts you do not always get back on the swings.

Readers of these notes may not back all of my tips, but they should certainly follow the tip to steer clear of systems.

Most backers must breathe a sigh of relief now that Ascot is past. A sad time for many! Consider the hot-pots Midlothian at 6 to 4 on in the Trial Stakes beaten out of a place. Pennycomequick and Sister Anne, great three-year-old fillies, not in the first three to Daumont in the Coronation Stakes. And the Oaks winner at odds-on!

There was good backing for Songe, the winner of the Hunt Cup, but how Tom Walls must dislike that horse! His charge, Caballero, was second, which brings this one's record of placings in big events this season up to five.

The popular actor-trainer must be losing his patience. It would indeed have been "A Cup of Kindness" had Fate (or Songe) allowed him to pull off the Royal Hunt Cup.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 27, to Wednesday, July 3, and will then be revised.

B P C W G K E J 9 3 H S N R I
X 5 M A L T 7 U Q Z V F Y O D

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. 5RFK7ODKN would read POSTERITY.

"SILVER RING."

"Makes a man of a boy"

Scoutmasters say

—and it safeguards health, of course!

Up and down the country, in cities and villages, Scoutmasters declare "the Lifebuoy habit makes a man of a boy." Teachers, Mothers, Heads of Boys' Clubs all agree.

It gives him pride in himself. Makes him self-reliant. Brings a dawning sense of responsibility. Builds his character.

You can teach **your** children the Lifebuoy habit. Just train them now, while they are still young, to have always a Lifebuoy wash as soon as they come in from play or school, before they sit down to table. Within a month they won't need reminding. They won't dream of missing, either. They'll have got the Lifebuoy habit! Then you need not worry any more about their health. Lifebuoy will guard that. Its wonderful health element goes deep into the pores and drives out all dirt, all germs. Happy the mother whose children have got the Lifebuoy habit. Happy because it keeps them safe and builds their characters, too.

The LIFEBUOY HABIT

. . . for health and character

L435-109

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

JOHN BULL'S Fair and Square CROSSWORD

£500 MUST • BE • WON

WHAT are the wild waves saying to early holiday-goers this year? "Enter for JOHN BULL'S Square and Fair Crossword—£500 must be won!"

Wherever you may be—at the seaside, in the country, or just in your own garden at home, fascinating moments spent with the "downs" and "across" of the entry forms below may win you this huge prize. Everyone has an equal opportunity—take out your pen and try your skill now!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 19, which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence TWO attempts, and remember that no claims are required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), July 4th.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) JULY 4

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 11th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 18th.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 16 appears on page 31.

CLUES DOWN

1. That which can be erased.
2. Before.
3. Put down.
4. Call of a hen.
5. Fasten.
6. A fish.
7. Incline.
10. Populated
11. Expire.
13. To destroy.
16. In abundance.
17. Despatch.
20. Skill.
21. Part of a house.
24. Musical play.
25. Questions.
26. Terminals.
28. An opening.
31. 24 hours.

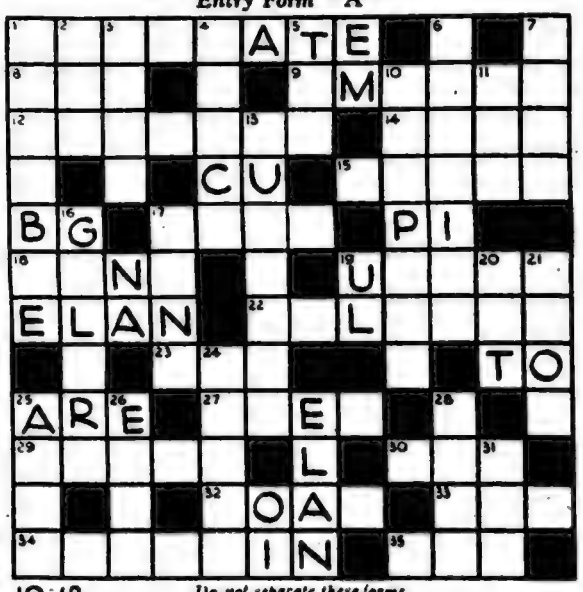
CLUES ACROSS

1. Frail.
8. An age.
9. Obstruct.
12. Spare time
14. Ireland.
15. Pierced.
17. Pass over.
18. Solitary.
19. Relating to forearm bone.
22. Brisk musical movement.
23. Small mark.
27. To look.
29. To perceive.
30. Bolshie.
32. Highway.
33. To seize.
34. Hold on to.
35. Pig house.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 19.

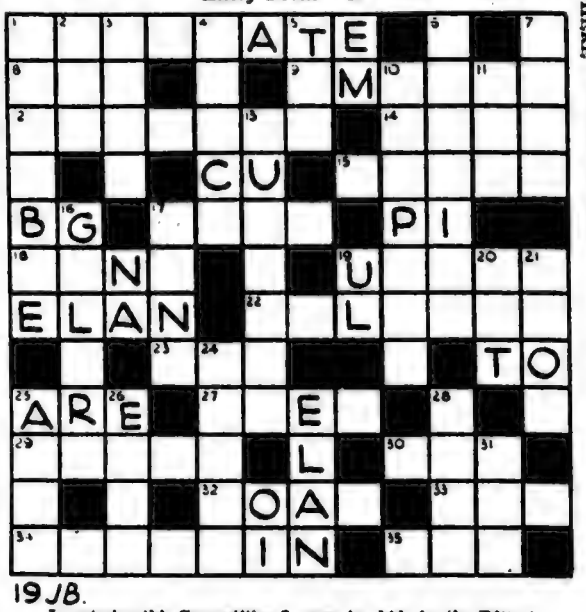
Entry Form "A"



19JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"



19JB.

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 19).
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, July 4th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence can be entered into

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 18th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, July 23rd, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

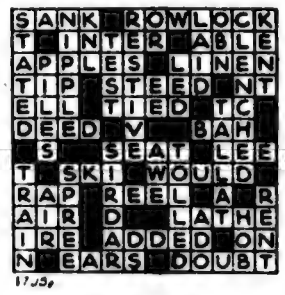
.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), July 4th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 17



17JB.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 17 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Haunted by "TERRIBLE THINGS"

HALF-STARVED, frail, and with tragic eyes, Florence knocked at "The Greatest of These—" Fund's door one day and told a pitiful story of loneliness and sickness.

She worked when she could; first in service and then as packer at the Army and Navy Stores, enabling her to take home to her mother 18s. a week. At Christmas she became very ill and was for a long time in hospital where she underwent an operation for gastritis.

Florence

Three months ago she left the hospital, but was too ill to resume her work at the stores.

As her mother is in hospital with a bad heart Florence has kept her troubles from her. She has struggled on all alone in a little room at Chelsea, striving to live on her National Health Insurance of 8s. 6d. per week, and pawning her scanty possessions — suffering all the while severe bodily pain.

Florence is an only child and has no friends in London. She says there have been days and nights when only the thought of her mother kept her going.

Not that she is a coward—far from it. Bravely fighting back her tears, she said: "I think I must have been spared for a reason; but there are times when one cannot always think that."

The doctor has ordered Florence away, and she has friends at the seaside to whom she could go. This, however, would cost money for fare and clothes, which, if our readers can generously supply, will enable this young girl to recover her health and spirits, and take her mind off what she calls "terrible things."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sympathiser (Lymington), 2s.; Bill and Lott, 2s. 6d.; Greathcart, 2s. 6d.; E. M. H. (Watford), 5s.; Mrs. A. Bundy (Shoscombe), 5s.; Mrs. N. Shapcott, 2s. 6d.; Ex-Sapper 180,863, 10s.; A. Wilson (Leyburn), 10s.; Bullets Winner No. 713, 10s.; Worker (Darlington), 10s.; J. Cribb (Byculla, Bombay), £1; Mr. M. E. Miles, £1; Thankoffering from H. B., 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A Friend, 5s.; Thankfulness for Life Preserved, £1 8s.; C. Fear, 2s.; A Mother in the I.O.W., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; C. H. B., 6d.; Ucalite, 3s. 6d.; Poor Box, 1s.; J. Hetheridge, 1s.; J. Vardy, 6d.; Faith, 2s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Feather, 2s. 6d.; Anon (Bury), 6d.; Anon (Reading), 2s.; Mr. T. Lawrence (Ferndale), 2s.; A Lucky Girl, 1s. 6d.; A. D. C. (Ipswich), 3s.; A. F. Mason, 2s 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Castle (Northampton), 10s.; Howden Clough, 2s.; J. C. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; J. Servias, 1s.; Miss Phyllis Barrell, 1s.; E. D. (Dowlais), £1; Anon (Kirkcaldy), 5s.; A. O. B. (New Malden), 5s.; A. Whitworth (Oldham), £1 1s.; Mary Cairns (Burnbank), 10s.; Digger, £1; Mrs. Hicks (Ilfracombe), 6d.; T. Bell, 1s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: A Scot (Weston-super-Mare), Mrs. J. Beetson, D. M. A. (Little Shelford), A. M. (Ilkeston), Anon. (Ollerton), Mrs. R. Knutton.

(Many acknowledgements unavoidably held over)

GOT A PENSION?

"WRITE to JOHN BULL about it" is not a mere slogan. It is solid advice, framed in the desire to be of practical help to our readers.

Take pensions, for instance.

Since January 1, 1927, we have received nearly 25,000 letters from readers about their pensions. We have taken up with the Ministry of Pensions many hundreds of hard cases. And, as a result of our representations, £10,500 has been obtained from the Ministry for readers.

This figure, based on a life duration of only one year, does not touch the enormous ultimate figure, for that cannot be computed.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

J. M. (Norwood).—"The man invited me to go along with him." Did you go quietly?

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

B. R. (London, N.).—"There's nothing like a ukulele." No, thank goodness!

B. A. (Bourne).—"Some men get what they deserve." Others remain single.

Q. M. (Nottingham).—"Who invented the shingle?" Delilah.

Miss F. (Brentford).—"Are high heels bad for the nerves?" Well, they keep one constantly on tip-toe.

T. J. (Warrington).—"There's a lot of good in all of us." But some of it never comes out.

G. E. (Farnham).—"He is for ever manufacturing links with the past." Sausages?

T. C. (Deal).—"Young men must marry early or take the consequences." Many of them do both.

Y. L. (Marlow).—"A man should give his wife credit for everything he can." But she usually insists on having cash.

P. S. (Ynysybwl).—"A wise man can always tell a woman's age." But he never does.

Mrs. K. (Morley).—"Money doesn't go far to-day." But it goes far enough from us.

L. V. (London).—"I didn't notice him in church last Sunday." Probably not. He took the collection.

Mrs. K. (Bolton).—"I thought of taking up law before I was married." Now you are content to lay it down.

T. B. (Lethbridge).—"At cards I win one day and lose the next." Then why not play every other day?

P. T. (Chesham).—"The secret of a good holiday is change." And plenty of it.

C. D. (St. Andrews).—"I finished up a very successful day's golf with a hole in one." Sock?

B. P. (Fulham).—"My daughter has got my complexion." You should keep it locked up.

C. B. (Oxted).—"Servants are broad-minded nowadays." Naturally. Think how they travel.

G. J. (New York).—"Prohibition in America is a topic that everybody discusses." When is it to be given a trial?

H. O. (Yarmouth).—"Have you anything for grey hair? Nothing but the greatest respect.

S. D. (Bedford).—"Most motor-cars are paid for as they are used." But not so rapidly.

INDIGNANT (Wigan).—"It puzzles me why people persist in making jokes about Wigan." And we certainly thought it was nothing to laugh at.

O. K. (Luton).—"Many women nowadays command a large salary." It's often the husband who earns it, however.

L. K. (Oundle).—"We need to get the human touch into national affairs." Mr. Snowden will see to the touch all right.

Mrs. D. (Ware).—"When we were courting he said he'd move heaven and earth to marry me." And now you're married, he won't shift the piano.

S. K. (Seaford).—"What is modern verse?" A triumph over metre.

B. L. (Redruth).—"Stout people are rarely mean." They couldn't stoop to it.

Mrs. S. D. (Romford).—"My husband talks in his sleep every night." Perhaps it's his only chance.

S. J. (Hendon).—"Did you get a copy of my book on insomnia?" Yes, thanks, and it cured ours.

T. F. (Dewsbury).—"I wear chamois gloves to keep my hands soft." Do you wear a chamois hat?

B. S. M. (Ardleigh).—"A good wife is a pearl." It's the mother o' pearl that is usually the trouble.

S. T. (Barnes).—"For over a week now I have been unable to eat any breakfast." Our bills always come by the first post, too.

D. C. (Enfield).—"I put £5 on horses last week, but got absolutely nothing out of it." You got a warning for the future.

F. K. (Kew).—"I had made up my mind to stay in, and my wife didn't seem to like it." Perhaps she had made up her face to go out.

J. H. (Aberdare).—"The doctor's theory is that I have been doing too much with my head." There's nothing in it.

G. H. (Walsall).—"A monument will never be erected to an unknown politician." And most certainly not to a politician who is really known.

R. N. (London, N.).—"At a wedding here the couple passed under an archway of bicycle tyres." Did the bridegroom have the wind up, too?

T. R. (Tamworth).—"The bacon was supposed to be home-cured, but it tasted dreadful." Perhaps it had had a relapse.

ELLA (Devonport).—"I can talk for hours on any subject." Some girls don't even need a subject on which to talk for hours.

T. V. (Bootle).—"I shall get on because I am a man of polish." Be careful somebody doesn't wipe the floor with you.

C. R. (Windsor).—"I went to the play, but I didn't enjoy it." Write to Mr. Snowden for the return of your entertainment-tax.

R. N. (Wimbledon).—"I believe in predestination." We'll bet you jump just as far as we do when you hear a honk.

Mrs. N. (Accrington).—"I sometimes doubt whether civilisation is worth while." Especially when dressing to go out for dinner.

C. B. (Hertford).—"I backed a winner when I married." But did your wife?

T. L. (Codsall).—"Americans will swallow anything." So long as it says "Scotch" on the bottle.

K. M. (Willesden).—"How can I silence a noisy motor-cycle?" Try an axe.

B. A. (Chorley).—"Mine is a good car as cars go." But does your car go as cars go?

W. O. (Kensington).—"Most people prefer the old-style silent film." That goes without saying.

F. G. (Accrington).—"My wife and I have never had a difference of opinion." But have you ever had an opinion?

S. H. (Epsom).—"I have not an ounce of superfluous fat on my body." What about your head?

G. J. (Aberdeen).—"There have been five weddings in our family recently." Your confetti must be getting very gritty.

E. W. (Sandown).—"If there's anything in a man, travel will bring it out." We found that out crossing the Channel recently.

C. P. (Kingston).—"I am sending you my photograph, but it doesn't do me justice." You don't want justice, you want mercy.

B. N. H. (Harlow).—"What could make a stronger appeal to us than the flowers of spring?" How about its onions?

R. W. (Lewes).—"I wonder if I shall ever get time for all I want to do in the world?" If you are caught doing them, you probably will.

E. P. (Spalding).—"Nobody ever asks me for my autograph." May we have it on the £3,000 *Bullets* cheque this week?

B. L. C. (Stowmarket).—"The waiter crawled like a snail till I gave him sixpence, when he at once got a real move on." A game of tip and run, in fact.

V. R. (Accrington).—"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?" When we're next to a beautiful girl nothing else matters.

S. W. (Woking).—"The American Army has a fighting 'plane equipped with six machine-guns and 250 bombs." It will probably be christened "The Spirit of Chicago."

L. G. (Wantage).—"A scientific expedition has been searching for traces of primitive man in Mongolia." Traces of primitive man are often seen at English beauty spots, especially after holidays.

F. R. (Bungay).—"I haven't looked at strong drink for five years." Do you swallow it with your eyes shut?

P. R. (Hitchin).—"Do you wish to be cremated?" No, it is the last thing we want to happen.

J. B. (Dover).—"What, exactly, is a luxury?" Something which makes you long when you are short.

D. M. (Wallsend).—"Statistics show that fewer widows are remarrying." Perhaps dead men do tell tales, after all.

C. R. (Birmingham).—"Wireless is still in its infancy." And some wireless fans are still in theirs, apparently.

T. K. (Kendal).—"Paper money is very easy to handle." It is. The hard part is to get your hands on it.

F. D. (Deal).—"Why have modern girls hard faces?" It isn't the face—it's the finish that's hard.

L. D. (Dover).—"I have often wondered why the French drink such a lot of coffee." You'll soon know if you taste their tea.

T. H. (Merton).—"A visiting colonial is said to have spent £600 in a London night club." Well, he shouldn't have ordered a whole sandwich.

Mrs. W. S. (Ealing).—"I bought some stockings the other day and there was a ladder in one of them." What do you expect for 1s. 11½d. A marble staircase?

J. A. (Bloomsbury).—"Our local pawnbrokers are preparing to branch out in a social way." We suppose their entertaining will be limited to three balls per season.

FILM FAN (Putney).—"The talkies will give film stars much harder work." Some at Hollywood, we hear, can now only spare time for an occasional marriage.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

THE EVENING TIMES:—"Laurence Howard, a burly six-FOOTED Irishman."

DAILY SKETCH:—"He lay with closed eyes, a FROWN OF PAIN on his LIPS."

DAILY SKETCH:—"A fire at a mill in Manchester destroyed valuable property before the outbreak could be got OUT OF CONTROL."

PERTHSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"They each carried bouquets of PINK HORSES."

DAILY RECORD:—"Post-War Premiers.—Mr. Bonar Law—OCTOBER 23, 1923, to MAY 22, 1923."

HORNSEY JOURNAL:—"Royal Enfield. VERY LITTLE USE."

THE JOKER:—"Tears of relief welled into Jim's EARS at the welcome words."

NORTHERN...WEEKLY GAZETTE:—"An adorable WINKLE was playing about her eyes."

THE ROVER: "Then Cuthbert Snookham stepped back and BIT HIS TEETH."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—"Mixed foursomes (in aid of charities). Prize, MR. S. HENRY."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Arthur Baswuille was drawing a covered MOTOR LORRY."

REYNOLDS':—"GROWERS of chrysanthemums, whether required for exhibition or for home use, should now be given their FINAL POTTING."

Appetising **Beef Sandwiches**

Sandwiches that everybody can appreciate—appetising, sustaining, nourishing. Quickly made by cutting Libby's Corned Beef into thin slices. Libby's Corned Beef is always ready for serving in a moment. Economical and always of the same high quality.

Libby's

Packed in 12 oz. and 24 oz. Tins for Family Use.

Established in 1868.

C.B. 1529

BRIDE of TWO YEARS meets Tragic Death

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £100

Who could have thought that a gas iron would cause the death of this pretty bride?

TWO years ago the marriage bells pealed out in Bexley Heath, Kent, when Mr. E. Phillips, of 31, Dorcis Avenue, led his pretty bride to the altar. They settled down to a quiet, happy life. Not a cloud disturbed their fair horizon. They were soon to move into a pretty bungalow. Then, without warning, the little home was plunged into mourning by a ghastly tragedy.

Mrs. Phillips was in the kitchen preparing to engage in the common domestic duty of ironing clothes. She was using a gas iron, connected by a tube in the usual way to a point in the wall. In some way she accidentally turned on the gas tap. Unconscious of this, she had placed the iron on the table and was busying herself with the clothes, when the escaping gas overpowered her. She was discovered dead on the floor—an overturned chair—tablecloth and things upon it a heap on the ground—bearing witness to her struggles against the deadly fumes.

JOHN BULL has despatched to the bereaved husband a cheque for £100 under its Great Free Insurance Gift—sympathy expressed in the best way which lies within its power.

HOME ACCIDENTS—£2 PER WEEK

Owing to lack of space we can give only a few of the names of those who "cash" this week.

NR. KEIGHLEY, Yorks.—Mrs. E. Imeson, 31, Baden Street, Haworth.
WALTHAMSTOW E.17.—Mrs. E. Whitbread, 63, Linford Road, Wood Street.
TREDEGAR, Mon.—Mrs. E. James, 12, Pond Row.
FINSBURY PARK, N.4.—Mrs. M. A. Awford, 15, Plimsoll Road.
PONTEFRACT LANE, Leeds.—Mrs. A. Cridart, 5, Aysgarth View.
NR. BARNSLEY, Yorks.—Mrs. A. Hitch, 82, George Square, Wombwell.
BANGOR.—Mrs. M. Rowlands, 59, Dean Street.
ERITH, Kent.—Mrs. E. Gilbey, 84, Hengist Road.
FASTON, Bristol.—Mrs. E. M. Denford, 20, Felix Road.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. G. H. Eves, 273, Hainton Avenue.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. A. McBurnie, 34, Oxenholme Crescent, Norris Green.
MOOR ROW, Cumberland.—Mrs. S. Graham, 41, Dalzell Street.
MANCHESTER, Miles Platting.—Mrs. E. M. Walsh, 12, Rowbotham Street.
NANTY GLO, Mon.—A. G. Davies, 40, King Street.
BULWELL, Notts.—Mrs. M. A. Redmile, 66, Minerva Street.

HOLIDAYS.—To remain qualified for the benefits readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

"JOHN BULL" PROVIDES FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & CHILDREN'S BENEFITS

CUT HERE

Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
J.B. 2/6/29

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

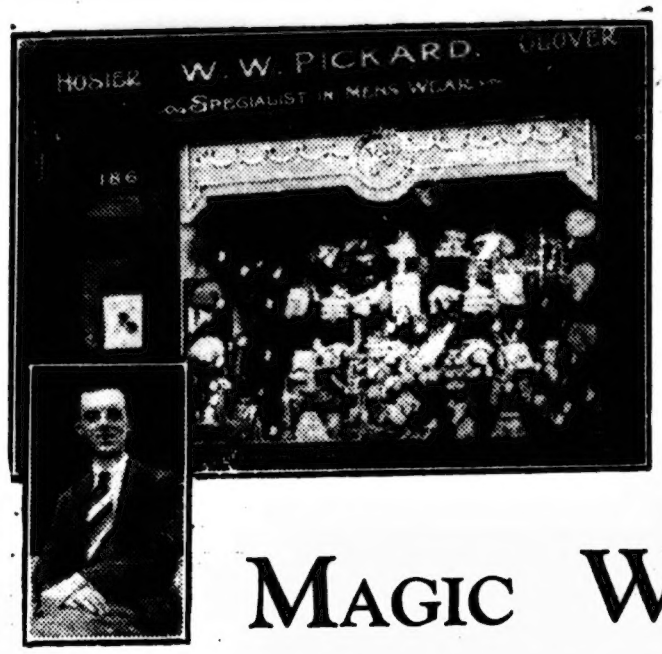
Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

.....

.....Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/6/29



He Built this Shop on Four MAGIC WORDS

HOLIDAY-MAKERS at Lowestoft, stop and look at No. 186, London Road North. It is more than a neat and flourishing little hosier's business: it is a shop with a story.

Busy as he is, Mr. Pickard, its proprietor, can always find time to tell his customers how that thriving business of his was built on four words.

"Three and a half years ago," he says, "I was employed as an outfitter's assistant in Norwich, where I was living. Then came my First Prize of £1,500 for the *Bullet*—DOGS OF WAR—SLIP MAY LET SLIP.

"In the following year I left Norwich and opened this business as a men's hosiers and hatters. With hard work I have established a nice trade, and the shop is well-known both to residents and visitors.

"JOHN BULL'S original telegram, informing me of my £1,500 win, is framed and hangs in the shop, where it has interested many readers of the paper which has given me a real start in life.

"I am going to marry next year, so the additional income from my invested capital will be very welcome."

Such facts need no frills. But nobody need envy this former shop-assistant.

Double the amount of Mr. Pickard's prize, the mighty sum of £3,000, now awaits you for a few well-chosen words.

Week after week we record in these columns the successes of men and women who have used an odd half-hour to win a big *Bullets* cheque.

Be quick with your entry for this week's £3,000 and Holiday Prizes. Your coupon from the opposite page must reach us by Saturday, July 6, if you are to be the £3,000 winner.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 718

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. F. E. GLADWELL, 7, Hamblin Road, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Example:—PROMISES AND PERFORMANCES
Bullet:—BY MICROPHONE BUY MICROSCOPE!

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. CRUISE, 11, Lorne Road, Bath.

Example:—STRUGGLE OF GIANTS
Bullet:—AGAIN, UNLESS CIVILISATION'S "BIGGER," (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. BRADLEY, Scawby Brook, Brigg, Lincs.

Example: DRIVING POWER
Bullet: HELPS LUCK TO "TURN."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. APPLEBY, 4, Queen's Terrace, Edgware, Middx.—BACK TO WESTMINSTER—"DILUTED" SOCIALISM RAMSAY'S STRENGTH.

E. J. FRYER, 15, High Street, Dolwyddelen, N. Wales.—"WATCH ME DO IT!"—THEN POLITICIAN BLINDS U's.

S. GREGORY, 12, Critchley Avenue, Birkenhead.—DRIVING POWER—ENGINE'S GOT—RAILWAYS WANT.

H. LEONARD, 38a, Furness Road, London, N.W.—KING OF THE CASTLE—SOMETIMES BECAUSE ACES FOR KNAVE.

H. LLOYD, 24, Roschank Avenue, Wembley, Middx.—UNFINISHED—VICTORY—MERELY WINNING ELECTION.

R. MILES, Gristhorpe Hall, Filey, E. Yorks.—VOICE OF REASON BUTTS IS WITH "BITS."

W. I. PURTELL, 3, Hanover Gardens, London, S.E.5.—ENGAGED—PRINCE—IN DENYING RUMOURS.

A. REDMAN, 43, Shelldale Road, Portslade, Sussex.—NOW IT'S ALL OVER—*MacDonald's* POLICY "SAFETY FIRST."

W. SMITH, Oakfield, Kincraig.—NEW MEMBERS—"SHEEP" COUNTRY—"LOSES WOOL."

E. VANNAN, 36, Hayward Avenue, Strood, Kent.—OUR CORNFIELDS AND COALFIELDS. POLITICAL PLAYING-FIELDS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. L. F. CAW, Dunecree, S. Biggar Road, Ardrossan.—WE'LL STAND A LOT, BUT—NOT ANOTHER ARMISTICE 2 ROUND."

E. A. CLAYTON, 100, Derby Street, Manchester.—KING OF THE CASTLE—SELLING POSTCARDS OF IT.

Miss J. LEMMON, 48a, Commercial Road, Portsmouth.—WE'LL STAND A LOT, BUT—NOT "SAME AGAIN" POLITICALLY.

F. W. LEWIS, 140, West Princes Street, Glasgow.—OUR CORNFIELDS—OPEN OUT OPENINGS IN.

I. L. McKECHNIE, 5, Cambridge Road, Ayr.—BRITAIN'S WORD EVEN MONEYLENDER WOULD ACCEPT.

Mrs. L. SPENCE, 31, Wickham Street, Leeds.—BEST BRAINS—PUT TOGETHER, LABELLED, POLITICALLY.

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. SWAN, 105, Newlands Road, Cathcart, Glasgow.—NOW IT'S ALL OVER—SOAP-BOX SONNY'S MOTOR-CAR AGAIN.

E. C. TOWNSEND, 76, Spring Street, Barnsley.—IN LIFE'S CINEMA—LAW *Forbid*—"EMERGENCY EXITS."

W. G. TURNER, 16, Roland Grove, Handsworth, Birmingham.—WE'LL STAND A LOT, BUT—EVEN A *Lion* TURNS.

R. H. WARDMAN, 40, Elm Road, Seaforth, Liverpool.—"WATCH ME DO IT!"—RAMSAY'S SLOGAN—AS OUTFIT'S, OURS.

A list of 50 £1 winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin." A list of 100 10/- and 1,000 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL, brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

Advance details for "Bullets" Competition No. 722.

First Prize, £300—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25, 20 Holiday Prizes of £5, 80 Week-end Prizes of £2 10s., 100 Holiday Fares of 12s. 6d., 500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Ramsay's Team—Blaze Of Glory—Best In The End—Vale Of Tears—Between The Shafts—A Row—He Stole Her Heart And Speed—Learning The Ropes—"No Monkeying!"—Rising Tide—If I Died To-morrow—Woman In The House—All Very Well—It's Easy To Talk, But—Surely—Time To Keep Quiet—Ministering Angel—Whatever She Wears—Thanks To The Talkies—No Patriot—Man Who Leads—Like Nothing On Earth—Splash!—A Boy And A Girl—The Danger Line—When They Come Back—Beauty Queen—Gallant Rescuer—Home She Couldn't Swim—Who Wants A Holiday?

(Closing Saturday, July 13.)

BRING YOUR CASTLE IN THE AIR DOWN TO EARTH
HUGE 'BULLETS' IQ AND SEVENTY HOLIDAY PRIZES
'BULLETS' MONSTER PRIZE
£3000
SECOND PRIZE
£200
THIRD PRIZE
£50
2120 other cash prizes to be posted Wed. July 24
20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £6
50 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5
50 OF 10/- 2000 OF 2/6 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HURRY UP FOR £3,000

ONLY a few more days remain for you to capture the £3,000 cheque which must be won for a *Bullet* this week. Ten ordinary First Prizes rolled into one—that is the colossal prize which a few well-chosen words may secure for you.

All you have to do is this. Add to one of the *Examples* given any TWO, THREE OR FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. For instance, were you to select the *Example*—SPIRIT OF HATRED, the added words—LET NATIONS PROHIBIT *That*—would make a *Bullet*.

Make the most of this, your final opportunity of winning £3,000 or one of the seventy Holiday Prizes—the closing date is Saturday, July 6th.

Address Coupons :—"Bullets" No. 721, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 721

RAMSAY MACDONALD	QUITE ALL RIGHT	NEVER RETURNS
GREEN WITH ENVY	TRADE THERMOMETER	A THUNDERBOLT
SUMMER	IF IT HADN'T RAINED	EVERYBODY'S HOPING
PARTY WALLS	WORD TO THE WISE	SOMEHOW OR OTHER
TO THE SEA	NOW, MR. WEATHER CLERK	TOO RISKY
MIGHT BE WORTH WHILE	THE DEATH PENALTY	REAL PROGRESS
THE COMMON PEOPLE	HER IDEA OF LOVE	ABOVE ALL
CASTLE IN THE AIR	SPIRIT OF HATRED	FOR A GOOD TIME
QUIET LIFE	ON LIFE'S RAILWAY	STABLE COMPANIONS
IDEAL WOMAN	SUNSHINE OF PROSPERITY	MISSING A LOT
ALL DAY LONG	LEAN TIMES	IN AND OUT
PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET	THE ROYAL ROAD	JUST
VEIL OF SECRECY	HUMAN BEINGS	THE WORLD'S WORK
HITTING		

ENTRY FEE. You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See rules on page 38.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, July 6.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(721) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s. Address _____

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S BIG "BULLETS" OFFER—200 HOLIDAY PRIZES MUST BE WON.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

MR. LESLIE HENSON,

the famous actor, writes: "I use 'Shavex' every time I shave, and think it is the quickest, cleanest, and most delightful preparation ever invented for shaving."

MR F. FORBES-ROBERTSON,

the well-known actor, writes: "'Shavex' is the most delightful and the most perfect method of shaving. I will recommend it to all my friends as the most perfect means of shaving one can possibly have."

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh.

After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

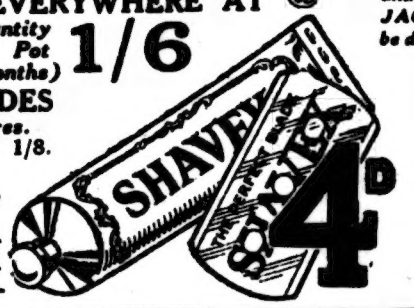
The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube **1/-** = *Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts four months)* **1/6**

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
PACKET OF 5 BLADES 1/8.
One Blade 4d.

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND A SHAVEX SUPER BLADE FOR——



WIFE; Good Heavens, Jack!—How late you are—we will be too late for the Dinner and Theatre—and you have to shave too.
JACK; Don't worry, Dear, I will be dressed in fifteen minutes. I use Shavex and one shave in the morning lasts me until next day, and my face feels as smooth and fresh as a daisy. Well, so long, Dear, we won't be late—thanks to Shavex.

Send this COUPON To-day!
for FREE SAMPLE of SHAVEX and TRIAL SHAVEX BLADE POST FREE.

Cut this Coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 4d. stamp to cover packing and postage to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SKIN DISEASES

Healed in a Night

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

CHILBLAINS.
"Every winter I have dreadful Chilblains. Zee-Kol cured in two nights."

ERYSIPELAS.
"Zee-Kol cured my Erysipelas."

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Haemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Rabia Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.** At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at **1/3**, or a large tin **3/-**.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, Etc.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful & Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

NEVER before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—ALMOND OIL being one of its chief ingredients.

ALMOND Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap.

It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Soap and I will always use it and recommend it to all my friends."
PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"Your Zee-Kol Soap is excellent for the skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful soap."—
FAY COMPTON.

"A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."—
LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE

"Unlike other soaps it does not dry up the skin, but has a softening and stimulating effect. It is a Perfect Soap."
MADGE TITHERADGE.

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."—
PHYLLIS DARE.

"A wonderful and soothing soap for the skin. My skin is very sensitive so I am happy to find such a perfect soap."
FYRLE BELLEW.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day which are only ordinary soaps.

Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price — 6d. instead of 1/- Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo.

All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

A 1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

FREE. A TUBE OF RABIA FACE CREAM is enclosed with every Tablet of ALMOND OIL TOILET SOAP.
ZEE-KOL
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
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